

# AMERICA

## A·CATHOLIC·REVIEW·OF·THE·WEEK

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## Chronicle

**Home News.**—On April 6, President Coolidge returned without approval to General Wood, the Governor-General of the Philippines, an act of the Philippine legislature proposing a plebiscite of the people of those Islands on the question of independence. The reasons given by the President for his veto were that such a vote by the Filipino people would prove nothing, and that in any case discussion of the independence question was untimely and would disturb good relations unless such action were also requested by the American Congress. This was the first time an American President had vetoed any act of the Philippine legislature. The message which accompanied the veto went rather fully into the whole question of Philippine relations and showed in great detail the dangers involved in immediate independence. The President also stated that our Government would not feel that it had performed its "full duty" by the Filipinos if it yielded to the desire of some of them to set up a separate State, until "the arrival of the day when the Philippines have overcome the most obvious present difficulty in the way of its maintenance of an unaided government." This difficulty is understood to be the imperfection of the

"present economic, industrial and social conditions essential to a safe existence."

The Nationalist revolt in China threatened to involve the American Government in a serious international complication which might result in the abandonment of our century-old policy towards that country. This policy consisted of friendship with the national aspirations of the Chinese people, of a refusal to cooperate with any foreign government in partitioning China or imposing "spheres of influence," and of not taking part, except in the Boxer Rebellion, in joint military action with other countries. It was feared here that the bombardment of Nanking by American destroyers would be the initial step in destroying this national policy. Moreover, the American residents in China seemed to be unduly biased in favor of action with Great Britain, against which country much of the Nationalists' anger is directed. Accordingly, on April 1, Mr. Kellogg reiterated the present American attitude towards the revolutionists. This attitude involves action only to protect American lives and property, but evacuation of Americans where this is impossible; and diplomatic and military cooperation with foreign representatives only when faced with a joint problem of protection of lives and property. Later, on April 5, the State Department ordered the American Minister at Peking, John V. A. MacMurray, to draft a note on the Nanking incident to the Nationalist Government at Hangkow and the Cantonese commander at Shanghai. No ultimatum was involved in this act, but it was indicated that the note would demand reparations and future guarantees for protection of American lives and property. While it was left to the discretion of Minister MacMurray whether he should send a joint note with Japan and Great Britain, it was declared that the American policy was unchanged with regard to armed cooperation with other Powers in China.

Considerable surprise was manifested by the appointment, at the dictation of the Anti-Saloon League, of Roy A. Haynes as Acting-Commissioner of Prohibition. The appointment was attacked on the ground of alleged corruption under Mr. Haynes' former administration and of truckling to the Anti-Saloon League. These alarms were somewhat allayed by a subsequent Treasury order requiring Mr. Haynes to confer with Secretary Mellon or Assistant-Secretary Andrews before issuing any orders involving questions of policy, personnel or dry-law regulation.

**Albania.**—Rumors of Italian troops being landed in Albania were alternatively asserted and denied: the former by Viennese journalists, the latter by the special correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*.

**Rumors of Warfare**

Similar rumors were reported concerning the impending fall of Ahmed Zogu, who was declared to have been subsidized by Italy for the Treaty of Tirana, and to be held in place against the will of the Albanian people. These rumors, however, were declared baseless by Italian papers, which pointed out that all the Treaty of Tirana did was to guarantee the political independence of the Albanian nation within its present boundaries and the absolute independence of its present form of government which, it was argued, should abolish any form of misinterpretation.

**China.**—Military interest was transferred from Shanghai to Peking and Tientsin. The Cantonese continued their northward march, advancing towards the capital by three routes. One section of the army traveled along the Grand Canal having crossed the Yangtse River from Chinkiang to Yangchow. The second division advanced along the Pukow-Tientsin Railway and was reported nearing Suchow-fu. The third advanced above Anking. Minor engagements occurred during the march, usually to the advantage of the Nationalists. The fall of both Peking and Tientsin without much resistance was anticipated as extensive propaganda had destroyed the morale of their defenders. Marshal Chang Tso-lin was said to have retired to Manchuria in expectancy of the capture of Peking.

International relations growing out of the outrages attending the capture of Shanghai and Nanking continued grave. For a time it was understood that a joint protest

**Diplomatic Situation**

by the Powers would be sent the Chinese Governments both at Peking and at Hankow. France, however, anticipated the action of Great Britain, Japan and the United States by an independent protest because of the murder of the two Jesuit missionaries. It was understood that the drafted notes of all the Powers were limited to demands for reparations and guarantees for future security. Responsibility for the Nanking outrages remained unassigned. Despite the statements of Foreign Minister Chen and the Commander-in-Chief of the Nationalist army, Chang Kai-shek, that they were not the work of the Cantonese, British and American refugees continued to assert that they were done with their connivance and under their orders.

Rumors stating that General Chang Kai-shek had broken with the Hankow Government and had been dismissed as Commander-in-Chief of the Nationalists, proved

**Chang Kai-shek Opposes Borodin Group**

false. However, antipathy between the Hankow faction and the intrepid Chekiangese general who had brought the Cantonese army all the way to the Yangtse and then down

to the key position of Shanghai was evident. It was attributed to Chang Kai-shek's opposition to the Bolshevism in the ranks of the Kuomintang, the National People's Party, which has set up the National Government at Hankow.

Because of the northward move of the army and the unsettled state of the diplomatic negotiations foreigners in the interior were considered in grave peril and practically all the Powers ordered their nationals to evacuate the territory in the new danger zone. Anti-foreign demonstrations continued but there were no casualties except in an outbreak between some Chinese and Japanese at Hankow. The condition of foreigners at Chang-sha and Chungking was considered critical. The only foreign woman remaining at Chang-sha was the Mother Superior of the Catholic mission there who stayed with her Chinese nuns. Thirteen Spanish priests in the interior of Anhwei were reported on their way to Anking. A raid by Northern soldiers on the Soviet embassy compound at Peking resulted in the arrest of seventy-two Bolshevik agitators and threatened to introduce new international complications into the situation. Red propaganda was seized and it was understood that Moscow resented the raid.

While reports from the missions indicated that irrespective of their religion all were being affected by the anti-foreign movement and by the anti-religious outbursts

**With the Missionaries**

of the Bolsheviki where they obtained any control, many Catholic missionaries and nuns were standing their ground. Some had assurances from the Cantonese officials that they would not be molested. Others relied for protection on the native clergy and nuns associated with them in their work. Last August a Spanish Missionary, Father Marquez, was slain at Shensi and during the recent Nanking attack, two French fathers; these have been all the Catholic casualties. Catholic ecclesiastical statistics in the Empire are interesting. Besides the six recently consecrated native Bishops, the country according to 1925 reports contained 57 other Bishops, 1,631 missionary priests and 1,132 native clergy. The Catholic population a year ago was about 2,277,421, an increase of 54,178 over the preceding year. Catholics maintain 80 hospitals and 306 orphanages which look out for about 1,900 boys and over 20,000 girls. The Holy Childhood asylums sheltered 29,855 children in 1925. The mission schools educated 277,392 pupils.

**France.**—After successive delays, due to opposition within the Cabinet, the French Government finally replied on April 4 to the invitation of President Coolidge

**Coolidge's Invitation Declined**

to be represented informally, by an observer, at the new three-Power naval conference which the American Government has called at Geneva early in June. A direct refusal was not given, but France stated that she must "defer" her ultimate decision for a later time. The two principal

reasons for French non-participation in the Conference, viz., the need of considering the entire problem of disarmament as a whole, and of doing this through the League of Nations, were indicated in the following words taken from the note given to Ambassador Herrick:

The French Government indicated in response to the first note of February 15 decisive reasons why it could not participate. . . . It could neither abandon nor weaken the authority of the League of Nations, which was already considering the question of disarmament, in which it was impossible to separate naval from land and air disarmament and to in any way harm the principle of equality of the powers—a principle to which France is profoundly attached. France also made it known that she could not consent to having excluded from the discussions other States without whose collaboration no real results could be expected. Nor could she abandon the technical principles on which the French delegates are convinced it is alone possible to base productive general disarmament discussions. . . . Since the receipt of the American memorandum a new element has intervened. The Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference has met in Geneva. At the very beginning the French delegate stated the French thesis and deposited a project favorable to global disarmament.

The definite reply of France, however, as was stated in Geneva on April 5 by Paul Boncour, French representative on the Preparatory Disarmament Commission, hinged on the results of the negotiations of this Commission, which was preparing for a General Disarmament Conference.

**Germany.**—The Reichstag passed a budget of over eight billion marks. It was the largest in German history. Somewhat less than one-eighth of this consisted of reparations payments under the Dawes plan. About one week previously the Reichstag unanimously demanded a revision of these payments on the ground that the annuities in their present form could not be met indefinitely. Mr. Gilbert's statement was recalled that the Dawes plan was merely intended as a temporary solution of the reparations' problem. The item in the budget most severely criticized was the allotment of 700,000,000 marks for army and navy. This was in excess of 30,000,000 marks over last year. Including their municipal taxes, German citizens will be called upon to make a total payment of about eleven billion marks in taxation. It is double the amount per head that was demanded of them in the year 1913. Yet it was remarked that the burden on the individual British taxpayer is even greater. Germany, moreover, was steadily recovering from her economic difficulties. The number of unemployed during the middle of March was still 1,400,000, but the *Acht Uhr Abendblatt* believed they would soon be reduced to 900,000, which would probably be quite normal under the existing system and certainly would contrast favorably with the 2,000,000 unemployed at the same period last year. Virtually all the important industries of Germany were in operation and the building boom called for a great number of workers. In addition the farmers looked forward to a more prosperous year than the preceding, in which

they suffered greatly. A particularly good sign was the increased home consumption. Germany, in a word, had still her economic difficulties to meet, but was vigorously struggling to her feet.

**Italy.**—Premier Mussolini and Count Bethlen, Prime Minister of Hungary, signed the Italo-Hungarian treaty of friendship, conciliation and arbitration on April 5.

#### Treaty with Hungary

The treaty stated that Italy and Hungary were friendly countries and provided that all disputes which could not be settled by ordinary diplomatic means should be submitted for conciliation to a special court composed of members nominated by the contracting parties. If the decisions of this court were not accepted by one or both Governments, the dispute should be submitted for arbitration to the Hague Court or some other tribunal. Official notes were also signed by both Governments by which approval was given the plan of opening the port of Fiume to Hungarian trade. The treaty with Hungary was looked upon as the sixth milestone in Mussolini's struggle to obtain advantageous conditions for Italy in the Balkans, where France was once the supreme arbiter of the situation. It follows the treaty of collaboration with Czecho-Slovakia in 1921, of friendship with Rumania in 1926, of friendship and security with Albania in 1926, the recognition of the union of Bessarabia with Rumania, and the forestalling of alleged plans to supplant Ahmed Zogu, Italy's protege, in Albania. Thus Italian relations became excellent with Greece, Bulgaria, Albania, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, and Poland.

**Mexico.**—The position of the Calles Government was not made any easier by the publication in the *Diario Oficial* of a decree whereby funds received from taxes and earmarked for special purposes would thereafter be relieved of their earmark and left at the discretion of the Government. This was immediately interpreted as meaning that the income from the taxes on oil production and export would no longer, as according to the Pani-Lamont agreement, be directed to payment on the external debt. This suspicion was confirmed by the fact that only one exception, that relating to the university, was mentioned in the decree. The Mexican Government thereupon immediately denied that any repudiation of the debt agreement was contemplated. Observers, however, declared that at least the decree would serve to cause further dispute with our Government and thus indefinitely prolong the existence of Calles' administration. Another incident which threatened to disturb relations was the murder by bandits of Edgar M. Wilkins, an American mining engineer in Guadalajara. Upon representations by the American Government, the murderers were "caught and executed" with suspicious suddenness. At the same time, it was remarked that the Calles Government had abandoned its daily statements to the effect that rebellion had ceased completely. These statements were replaced by reports

#### The National Budget

#### Continued Unrest

of vigorous action taken against the rebels in Jalisco, Guanajuato and Durango, which States were practically out of control of the Calles Government. The rebels there inflicted very severe defeats, in one place completely cutting up four battalions successively sent against them. Attacks on trains, railway stations and convoys and on armed forces had put extremely large amounts of arms, ammunition and money in the hands of the rebels. The outstanding chiefs were Generals Rodolfo Gallegos and Fortino Sanchez.

**Poland.**—Cardinal Kakowski took active measures to stay the Protestantizing campaign of the Y. M. C. A., originally established among a Catholic people by American capital. Its influence was found to be detrimental to the faith of the Catholic young men from among whom ninety-five per cent of its membership is said to be drawn. Much of its success was attributed to the support of certain prominent individuals such as the wife of President Moscicki and of various persons of high political importance, who have given their approval to it, apparently for political reasons. Cardinal Kakowski was quoted as saying:

I warn the Christian population under my leadership against the evil influence of the Y. M. C. A. on Catholic youths. I base my warning on the Pope's decree dated November 5, 1920. The Y. M. C. A. is neither Polish nor Catholic. It is supported by Protestants and heretics, and any one who gives a cent to this institution is harming the Church and Polish youth.

The activity of the organization throughout the country may be gauged by its last year's budget, which was 840,000 zloty. Of this sum only 180,000 came from America, showing that the institution had almost become entirely self-supporting with the money raised in Poland. Parents were asked by the Cardinal to discontinue subscriptions and not to allow their children to hold membership or accept the proffered benefits of the organization.

**Rumania.**—An attack of gripe complicated the cancer condition of King Ferdinand and placed him in a critical condition with death expected any moment. With the exception of former Crown Prince Carol who remained in his home at Neuilly, all the other members of the royal family gathered at the palace. Alarming reports from the bedside of the dying monarch filled the capital with uneasiness and occasioned much anxiety over political effects that might be consequent on the King's death. Press reports were being censored. It was anticipated, however, that on the death of Ferdinand a three-cornered political struggle would take place on the dynastic question in which the outstanding figures, apart from the Queen Marie, would be Jan Bratiano, who has controlled Rumanian politics for some years, General Averescu, present Premier, who was spending much time at the palace during the King's crisis and who was credited with ambitions to become the Balkan Mussolini, and Prince Carol who

would have the endorsement of the National Peasants Party for the throne, notwithstanding his abdication of his rights a year ago.

**League of Nations.**—A way for discussion which might provide for some compromise between the French and the British Naval attitudes was indicated on April 5, by Hugh Gibson, leader of the American Delegation at the Preparatory Disarmament Conference at Geneva. The British Government, in adhering to the plan of limitation by classes, has been credited with a chief concern about the retention of a sufficient supply of cruisers, which are looked upon as a principal weapon against the efficiency of the submarine. France, in laying down her proposition of global limitation, i.e. by total tonnage, has been looked upon as retaining her freedom in building submarines. The limitation of naval effectives—personnel engaged in the operation of naval instruments of warfare—has also been part of the French program. Mr. Gibson, while declaring that the opinion at the American delegation on the question of the limitation of naval effectives was firmly grounded but not irrevocable, suggested publicity in all naval effectives, combined with limitation of ships by categories and a fixed ration between numbers of ships and men, as a policy to meet the French objections. The suggestion for publicity was carried further by the Japanese delegation, who favored applying it also to the limitation of material. By this publicity the element of surprise would be done away with, which is so feared by the French—the possibility of wholesale deception as to the number of men available for manning naval vessels in time of war, and in its stead, the full and frank information given which is provided for by Article VIII of the League Covenant. However, the French objections to the limitation of ships by classes still persisted. The revised French proposal for limiting the number of officers and non-commissioned officers was adopted on March 31.

The attention of our readers is called to the splendid poem on page 11, "Address to the Crown," by the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., probably our foremost living American poet.

Next week, G. K. Chesterton will have some gorgeous fun at the expense of Elmer Gantry in "Elmer Gantry and the Catholic Church."

"Manresa on the Severn," by Mark O. Shriver, will be the first of a series of articles on various retreat houses now dotted over the map of the United States.

The second article in Marie R. Madden's "Origins of the American Policy in China," will be very helpful for an understanding of the present situation in that disturbed land.

Monarch  
Dying

# AMERICA

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### The Coal Strike

ONE of the worst features of the coal strike which began on April 1 is that in all probability it will not cause the public any considerable inconvenience, and perhaps none at all.

The public is fond of regarding itself as one of the three parties to every industrial conflict, the other two being the owners and the workers. With that obviously true contention we have no quarrel. But the public's interest is generally nothing but self-interest. It cries out only when it is hurt. If by reducing the worker to the condition of a serf the owner can sell his product at a lower rate, no objection will be filed by the public. Only when a strike results in higher prices is the public heard from.

That is why the coal problem is a chronic problem in this country. Great Britain went through a harrowing experience last year, but before long we may be forced to face conditions that are worse. The soft-coal industry has long been in a state of overdevelopment. Mining methods are extremely wasteful, and there are too many miners. The operators claim that they cannot pay a living-wage and make a profit on their investment. Operators willing to pay wages demanded by the men are held back by the lower wages of adjacent States. But the unions insist upon a living-wage without reference to the competition which the operator must meet. Hence the unions, since they force the issue, must be crushed. And crushed they have been in Kentucky and West Virginia, and all but crushed in Pennsylvania.

In this abolition of a free union of workers is found one of the gravest aspects of the problem. It is not denied that the operators may be able to formulate a plan which the workers will accept either because they must accept or starve, or because it appears to be a fair equalization of the interests at stake. If the workers agree under duress they are, of course, deprived of their natural right to enter into a free and unhampered contract. They feel

that they have been treated unjustly; resentment smoulders, and the workers bide their time until they believe themselves strong enough to repudiate the agreement forced upon them.

As for the alternative, it would be folly for the miners to think that they can deal with the operators as individuals and secure their rights. Here and there, the influence of honest operators will make the plan satisfactory; but taking them as a class, operators buy labor in the cheapest market. The miner must have the backing of his fellows if he is to make his contracts on an equal footing with his employer.

It is always preferable, as Leo XIII wrote in his Encyclical on the Condition of the Workers, that employers and toilers freely agree among themselves regarding wages and the requirements of labor. But when this agreement becomes impossible, and when the rights of all, including the public, cannot be otherwise conserved, it is the duty of the civil power to intervene. In our judgment, that time is at hand. The coal industry needs a thorough revision.

### Art in New York

NEW YORK is proud of her possession of one of the world's great art galleries. But art of another kind has fallen upon evil days in the metropolis. Several alleged dramatic artists have earned—and served—terms in the workhouse by their devotion to their art. Another large group of artists, recently convicted, now face penitentiary sentences. A chill wind is rising, and genius is nipped at the root.

It must be admitted, however, that in the recent conflict with the penal code of the State of New York, the theater business all but abandoned the old claim that one might do what he chose, even in public, provided he did it to express his "art." The defense in the recent cases rested on the right of "free speech," and some of the lawyers discoursed as though they were the barons at Runnymede and the police King John and his craven henchmen. The welkin rang with their apostrophes, but some of the listeners recalled what Madame Roland had said of the crimes committed in the name of liberty.

The courts, however, and the juries, remained unmoved by the flood of eloquence. They conceded the right of free speech, but it soon became evident that what the defense claimed was, in reality, the right of licentious speech. Stripped of verbiage, the New York theatrical barons not only asserted the right of the actor to say what he chose on the stage, but also complete immunity from prosecution for what he might say.

It is too much to expect that these convictions will at once reform the degraded stage. But as indicating to the theatrical managers a wholesome change in public opinion, they will not be wholly useless. The fact that a jury was able to convict these purveyors of vice is one of the most encouraging signs that the decent, upright citizens of New York have observed for some years. Five years ago a similar campaign failed utterly. The recent cases show that an intelligent and alert prosecuting attorney can obtain convictions, even in New York.

If the commercial elements that at present control the stage decide to outrage public opinion by further displays of shocking impropriety, they will have only themselves to thank if the next Legislature enacts a stringent censorship. Meanwhile, it is to be hoped that the skill and energy displayed by the public prosecutors will not be laid aside. Too many campaigns for public righteousness have failed in the very moment of success, because of the mistaken impression that one battle was sufficient to rout the protagonists of disorder. We trust that the city officials will continue to enforce the law until these enemies of public decency are driven from the theater.

### The Phipps Bill

THE Phipps bill should be defeated both for what it now is and for what it promises to become.

The bill embodies the principle that it is the right and duty of the Federal Government to concern itself with education in the States. That principle is false and highly dangerous. The Federal Government might with equal propriety undertake to investigate, with or without an invitation, the New York police force or Chicago's board of health. The educational policies of the several States, provided they violate no guarantee of the Constitution, are under the exclusive control of the States. Criticism from an official board at Washington is wholly out of place.

What the Phipps bill promises is clear enough. No one has yet heard of a Bureau which willingly parted with a shred of authority or of a Bureau which did not seek to extend the authority confided to it. Even some supporters of the Phipps bill admit frankly that it can be, and in all probability will be, used as the first of a series of legislative acts which by degrees will establish the undisguised Federal control of the old Smith-Towner bill of 1918. They add, however, that it will be time to fight these bills as each comes up.

But if the Phipps bill is merely the signal for new and more radical measures which cannot be offered until the Phipps bill is enacted, it is only common sense to check the whole process by killing the Phipps bill.

The campaign for Federal control of the local schools is by no means at an end. According to the National Education Association it is only beginning. If this contention is correct, our plan of action should not call for compromise but for unyielding opposition.

### We Apologize!

AN enterprising statistician in the service of an eminently respectable life-insurance company tells us that last year ninety-nine American citizens skidded on the soap in the bathtub. Rescued with difficulty from a watery grave, some lived to recover damages from the company. As for the others, the legal heirs collected.

We think that something ought to be done about this.

And thirty-six citizens, the statistician continues, fell out of bed last year. For some the ambulance was called, and for others the undertaker.

Something should be done about this, too, before it is

too late. Beds and bathtubs are sweeping the country, so to speak.

We never score an evil without indicating a remedy. Observing some weeks ago that the automobile, once a means of transportation, had become an instrument of moral disorder and physical death, we urged an Amendment to the Constitution to prohibit the automobile. For a time, we conceded, Congress might tolerate automobiles equipped with not more than two cylinders, and locked to a speed not exceeding five miles per hour.

We now suggest a similar Amendment for the abolition of soap, bathtubs, and beds. We plead chiefly in the name of helpless childhood. Not one of us but recalls the agony of being scrubbed behind the ears. Just as the bath-process became interesting, with the water splashing all over the floor, we were cruelly yanked out of the tub, and spanked without the merciful intervention of even one integument. What crimes against weak but resisting childhood are linked forever with the phrase "bedtime"! In Winter we got up by candle-light, but in Summer "just the other way," as Stevenson has written in some of his tenderest verses, for then we were thrust into bed while it was still day.

Yet some doubt irks our delicately-responsive soul. The recollection of what happened to our appeal for a Federal Amendment against the automobile checks our first impulse for a Federal Amendment against soap, bathtubs and beds. For grave and learned pundits have written to point out the extreme difficulty of marshaling public opinion against the automobile. Others, no less solemn and erudite, express their regret that after a fight waged for more than ten years against Federal encroachment upon State and personal rights, AMERICA finally abandons the field.

"You shouldn't make jokes," said Alice to the Gnat, as two large tears rolled down its cheeks, "if it makes you so unhappy." We shall take that advice. We withdraw our Amendment against the automobile. If the individual refuses to permit the Federal Government to supply him with a soap that is guaranteed not to skid, on his head be the consequences. Should he fall out of bed, let him lie there and suffer.

As for ourselves, we hazard no more jokes. The *quid vetat ridentem dicere* of Horace is not for us. It might again make us—and our correspondents—too unhappy.

### The Catholic Foundation Plan

SPEAKING on March 8, 1926, to a local branch of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, the Archbishop of Baltimore used the following language with reference to the Catholic Foundation Plan proposed by the Rev. John A. O'Brien, of the University of Illinois:

It has been said that Catholic education is merely secular education plus instruction in religion, and that secular education is merely Catholic education with religious instruction left out.

Both contentions are false, and evidence an ignorance of the true purpose and worth of Catholic education. In a Catholic education religion permeates the very atmosphere of the school.

There are great numbers of Catholic men and women attending purely secular universities. For their care there has grown

up a system which would add to their secular courses a smattering of religious instruction. I find the atmosphere of secularism in these institutions of learning has been so great an influence upon our own priests attending that even they have become contaminated.

I sound the warning against this plan. I consider it disloyal to the mind of the Church. I consider it destructive of our whole educational work of three centuries. I find the plan opposed to the mind of the Church, dangerous to the Faith, and dangerous to the minds and morals of youth.

Addressing the same group on March 28, 1927, Archbishop Curley repeated his warnings, and added to them. "We have come to the point where silence is no longer right. . . . This philosophy of education formulated by Father O'Brien is absolutely un-Catholic, is opposed by the mind of the Church, is against the laws of the Church."

From time to time correspondents have inquired whether the attitude assumed by this Review toward the Foundation Plan from the moment it was proposed, has undergone any change. It has not. With the Archbishop of Baltimore, AMERICA holds now, as it has always held, that the philosophy underlying the Plan is un-Catholic, and is opposed to the mind and the laws of the Catholic Church.

With the prayer "written by Father O'Brien, a rabbi and a Methodist minister," we have no immediate concern save to express our deep regret that a Catholic clergyman could lend his name to a composition which by implication, if not by direct statement and purpose, is contrary to defined truth. Nor are we immediately concerned with the review, published under his name, in which a book denying the Divinity of Our Lord was recommended to Catholic teachers. In withdrawing this review, Father O'Brien states that he was misled by the accounts emanating from the publisher. It is quite possible that he paid as little attention to the substance of the prayer to which he gave the sanction of his name. But unfortunate and, objectively, culpable as these acts certainly are, they do not in themselves condemn the Catholic Foundation Plan.

That condemnation rests, as was shown last year in a lengthy series of articles and editorials in this Review, and as is again shown by the Archbishop of Baltimore, upon solid objective reasons. If the philosophy of the Catholic Foundation Plan is tenable, then we Catholics are utter fools when we refuse to send our young men and women to the secular universities, providing for these institutions a Catholic chaplain or chaplains, and a house in which he will give instruction in religion. Nor should the Plan be restricted to the institutions of higher learning. If it is valid for the university, it is equally valid for the high school and the parish school. As the Archbishop of Baltimore correctly holds, the ultimate working out of the Plan means the destruction of Catholic education, and the substitution of the condemned system of secularism plus instruction in the catechism.

It is with deep regret that we feel ourselves obliged to return to this subject. We speak plainly, as we have ever spoken in the defense of Catholic education, because issues of supreme importance are at stake.

We are aware of no feelings that are personal, of no interests that are parochial. It has been our consistent and earnest effort to discuss the Catholic Foundation Plan in the light of the principles set forth in the teaching of the Church and in the Code of Canon Law. Beyond the Code we would not go. To it we would not add; nor would we presume to suggest that alteration or addition is needed to meet the question of the attendance of Catholics at non-Catholic colleges. In prescribing a Catholic education for the Catholic child, the Church allows for the exceptional case, and it is the office of "the Bishop of the place alone to decide, according to the instructions of the Apostolic See, in what circumstances and with what precautions attendance at such schools may be tolerated without danger of perversion to the pupils." (Canon 1374).

To that wise prescription nothing need be added. On the other hand, when a private individual initiates a movement which, in our judgment controverts the purpose and aim of Catholic education as expressed by the Church's law, it is our duty to oppose that movement.

Should there be any Catholic educator inclined to look with favor upon the Catholic Foundation Plan, we believe that closer study will disclose its incompatibility with the principles sanctioned by the Church, and held by Catholic educators from the beginning. We are far from the position that the higher education of Catholic young men and women has no unsolved problems. It has. But we are firmly convinced that the Foundation Plan not only solves none, but creates new and greater difficulties. We shall not rest silent as long as it solicits support.

#### An Echo from an Open Letter

OF the quotation which was principally incriminated here last week, Mr. Marshall has since said that a "Roman Catholic authority" told him it was ambiguous even in its correct form, and that, therefore, he was willing to "cancel" it, and substitute another, not ambiguous. The unnamed "Roman Catholic authority" should look up the original himself. There is no ambiguity visible. The "mighty multitude" means the members of the Church, and not obscurely, and the "rulers" mean the Bishops, also not obscurely; for in the following words Pope Leo defines this multitude as distinct and different from the civil society.

As for Mr. Marshall's substitution, it is certainly not ambiguous, but then neither is it a substitution. It follows shortly after the other:

And just as the end at which the Church aims is by far the noblest of ends, so is its authority the most exalted of all authority, nor can it be looked upon as inferior to the civil power or in any manner dependent upon it.

But from the fact that the Church is not inferior to, or dependent upon, the State, it does not follow that the State is dependent upon the Church. Yet this it would have to mean if Mr. Marshall's substitution is to be a true substitution, that is, a quotation which means exactly the same as the misquoted one in its rejected form.

The moral is that texts out of their context may mean anything.

## Origins of American Policy in China

MARIE R. MADDEN

**E**XAMINING the question of the American policy in China we find that peace and cooperation are the keynotes struck from the start, a not unnatural situation when we reflect that the first interest the American took in his neighbor of the Far East was commercial.

The generation following the War for Independence found itself under the necessity of seeking products, markets, capital, and through the suggestions of John Ledyard of Connecticut, who had been on the Captain Cook expedition to the Pacific in 1781, saw possibilities for these in the China trade. In 1785, Major Samuel Shaw, recently returned from a trip to China, wrote a report for John Jay, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, for which he received the thanks of Congress and later an appointment as Consul to China.

As early as 1791, the Government officially lent its approval to the Chinese trade, traders enjoying a discriminating tonnage tax of 46 cents per ton in foreign bottoms and twelve and one-half per cent tariff in East India imports other than tea, while the tariff on this excluded importations in any but American bottoms. Yankee ingenuity soon seized on the trade of the various European settlements along the Far Eastern coasts. The hospitality of the French in Mauritius and their stations in India gave the American an *entrée* to the British ports in India. The relations then established were improved by the Treaty of 1794, an association which laid the tradition for later connections at Canton.

The only port in China open to foreigners was at Macao, the Portuguese leasehold, and the anchorage at Whampoa in the Canton River. All details of the trade were left to the *hong* merchants (behind whom stood the authority of the Viceroy) who became the security for the good conduct of the foreigners. The Imperial Government took no interest in the situation, provided the revenues were regularly received in Peking and no foreigner obtained a foothold from which to advance further into the country. This was an admirable arrangement, since it permitted the Chinese Government to control foreigners without recognizing them officially.

The Americans came into the tea trade through the circumstance that the *hong* merchants could bring more tea to Canton than the foreigner could dispose of on account of the exchange. Hence they would dispose of the surplus to the Americans on credit. Consequently it was decidedly to the interests of the Americans to cultivate the respect and good will of the Chinese. One favorable factor was that at this time the Americans had no color prejudice and granted personal respect to the Chinese, while the other foreigners, approaching China by way of India, were not willing to do this.

From 1815 to 1839, American trade flourished, though London became the clearing house for the Chinese trade. This was due to the fact that the Americans could buy British cottons in England and carry them to China cheaper than the East India Company, while the growth of the opium trade from India to China turned the balance of trade against England, which she was obliged to settle in bills on London from the Americans. These soon began to push their own cottons, and by 1845 sent \$2,000,000 worth. Though this was a small item in the total American trade, it suggested the possibilities of China as a market for manufactured goods, and the Americans began to cut seriously into British trade.

Other than by tariffs, the American Government lent little support to this nascent trade; consuls were appointed, but until the 'fifties they were usually merchants receiving no compensation, and it was forty-five years after the first appointment before there was even one American citizen who could read or understand Chinese. Even as late as 1899 there were only four salaried interpreters for the consular and diplomatic service. Consequently there was much reliance upon the missionaries on account of their familiarity with the language. Nearly always some missionary held an important post in the consulate or legation and it was he who had the actual contact with the Chinese and not the regular official.

This had important consequences in the development of American foreign policies. It is not too much to say that the Americans of the nineteenth century looked at China through the eyes of the missionaries, for they alone wrote the books and influenced public opinion. Until 1840 the American consuls could do little more than administer the estates of the deceased and discipline mutinous sailors. They could not even demand accurate trade reports from captains. The Chinese, however, naturally assumed that they occupied a position similar to that of their viceroys and like them were not above corruption.

During the 'thirties the Chinese Government became much alarmed at the results, economic and moral, of the opium trade, and in 1838 decided to destroy it. This gave the British the opportunity to press for the commercial advantages finally granted by the Chinese in the Treaty of Nanking. As early as 1839 a memorial to Congress from the merchants in the China trade, asking for a commercial agent to negotiate a commercial treaty, found the Americans more interested in Chinese affairs than formerly. The reports of the missionaries, their disgust with the opium trade, and the dislike of British aggression, were all having their effect on public opinion.

Therefore, during negotiations for the Nanking treaty, Commodore Kearney was instructed to secure for the United States the same treatment as that given to the

most favored nation in China. China was entirely disposed to grant equality of treatment to all foreigners, as may be seen from the Chinese text of Article VIII of the British supplementary treaty to the Nanking treaty.

This article says:

that formerly the merchants of every foreign nation were permitted to trade at the single port of Canton only, but last year it was agreed to at Nanking, that if the Emperor should ratify the treaty, the merchants of the various nations of Europe should be allowed to proceed to the four ports of Foochow, Ningpo, Amoy and Shanghai for the purposes of trade, to which the English were not to make any objections.

This is slightly different from the English text and explains why the English claim the credit of the Open Door.

But we have here in the Chinese text the origin of the famous policy of the Open Door, and it is certainly one of the ironies of history that the very policy adopted by the Chinese themselves should be used against them. It was one thing for China to wish to grant to all nations equal treatment commercially and quite another for every nation thereafter to use this as a trick to wrest from China any privilege which any other nation had squeezed from China by force or fraud, and thus to avoid, as Tyler Dennett observes, the moral responsibility for the method by which the concession was obtained.

The Cushing Mission, appointed by President Tyler, officially defined the American policy a little more closely. Secretary of State Webster instructed Cushing as follows:

1. To secure the entry of American ships into the treaty ports on as favorable terms as those afforded the British:
2. to impress the Chinese with the pacific character of the American intentions, and to make clear that the American Government had no desire to support smugglers:
3. to make very clear the essential differences between the American and British imperial policies:
4. to negotiate with the Emperor at Peking if possible:
5. to hint that an unfavorable result to the mission might cause unfriendly action from the United States.

With the aid of the two missionaries, E. C. Bridgman and Dr. Peter Parker, both of whom were somewhat familiar with the Chinese language and etiquette, Cushing negotiated the first American-Chinese treaty, that of Wanghia (1844). Its superiority to the Nanking treaty was immediately recognized and it became the model for all future treaties until 1858. While it secured concessions for the Americans similar to those granted to the British in their treaties, it has the great merit of handling the important question of extraterritoriality frankly and yet as fairly as possible for China as could be done under the circumstances.

Cushing, not less than Palmerston, recognized that the core of the Chinese trade difficulties lay in the choice between extraterritoriality and permanent occupation of the country, but while the British scheme involved military bases, the American knew that his country was in no position to take up such occupation and his legal mind set to work to secure his aims without establishing a military post. This he did in Articles XXI and XXV, providing that Chinese committing criminal acts towards subjects

of the United States were to be tried by Chinese officials and Chinese laws, while citizens of the United States guilty of criminal acts towards the Chinese should be punished by American laws and officials. The Americans were also admitted to the coastwise trade.

The Wanghia Treaty was careful to respect Chinese sovereignty and to place upon the Chinese Government responsibility for the collections of the customs. The British treaty stipulated that the British consul was to do this. The American treaty was also more favorable to China in the matter of the foreign settlements, since it placed the duty of guarding them upon the Chinese Government. The English plan became the basis for the concessions and foreign settlements, and in practice the Americans came to adopt the same wherever the British did. The English relied for protection on their base at Hongkong. The Americans also began to rely on the British defense.

The Taiping rebellion (1853-1858) revealed to the Americans that the European governments were not above partitioning China there and then, and that the only hope of preserving their trade lay in a strong and independent China. They were much influenced in this by Protestant missionaries who quite generally sympathized with the rebels. As a prop for this, Robert McLane, the American representative, evolved a plan for supporting the Imperial Government. The Taiping force had occupied Shanghai and the question came up, would Shanghai be considered a free port? Would it assume the status of Hongkong under British administration?

In February, 1854, the attempt of the British, French and American consuls to arrange a new Imperial Customs House at Soochow Creek for the Shanghai district failed. McLane then proposed a plan to collect the customs at Shanghai. Alcock, the British representative, is usually given credit for this, but Tyler Dennett is of the opinion that it was McLane's idea, though Alcock possibly drew it up. The plan adopted provided for an Inspector of Customs at Shanghai with full power to conclude agreement with the consuls of the three treaty powers. The Chinese confessed their inability to secure customs officials of sufficient probity, vigilance and knowledge of foreign languages for the post and suggested a foreigner with a mixed staff of Chinese and foreigners, the expenses for which were to be paid out of the customs. The consuls were to select and nominate a suitable Board of Inspectors. This is the plan which lasted till very recently.

On the first Board it turned out that the British were the best informed in Chinese matters and thus secured the control, chiefly because the Americans had not ready the trained officials. The influence thus lost to the British was never regained. This profoundly modified the American policy, for it forced an interpretation of the policy of cooperation not originally contemplated, though for a long time the Americans refused to recognize this and considered that they were remaining true to their original aim of respect for Chinese sovereignty and the Open Door.

The causes of this peculiar point of view lie partly in the fact that the Americans did not fully appreciate the character of the Chinese Government and partly because the character of our own Constitution precludes an aggressive imperialistic policy; though, again, it may have no other

cause than that continental United States was as yet far too sparsely settled for the Americans to fix their attention on a complex foreign policy. More recent developments will be studied in a further article dealing with subsequent events.

## Let Us Rewrite History

HILAIRE BELLOC

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**I** DOUBT whether the greater part of the small Catholic body in England, even those of them who have paid special attention to historical study, have realized in how high a degree the whole story of European civilization, including the story of England and Ireland, is presented to them through the medium of violently anti-Catholic propaganda.

I may be told that the same thing is to be found in modern historical work elsewhere in France and Germany and Italy. This is true. Your average official history textbook and general view in modern France is anti-Catholic—though now working under a salutary fear of exposure.

Until the recent beneficent revolution in Italy, the tendency had been, at least since 1870, the same way. The professional politicians who could put up a statue to the detestable and perverted Bruno in the flower-market at Rome were not likely to favor historical truth in anything. The German Reich was under the supremacy of the Protestant North, the most widely-read history therein was therefore anti-Catholic; and the whole tendency of what is called the "Teutonic School" proceeded ultimately from religious fanaticism directed against the Church.

But in all these cases there existed, side by side with the official anti-Catholic propaganda, a vigorous presentation of the past as it really was. There is a mass of good Catholic historical work in modern Germany; upon the whole, the best modern French historical work is in sympathy with tradition, that is, in touch with the real past and opposed to and even contemptuous of the official anti-Catholic stuff. In Italy, especially of late years, you have the same protest appearing in favor of the truth.

But in England and Ireland the pernicious nonsense goes virtually unchallenged. I ought not perhaps to say "unchallenged" in the case of Ireland, for there a strong national feeling has been allied with true history. Still, even in the case of Ireland, the anti-Catholic legend for the history of these Islands as a whole colors everything. The disproportion of the various historical figures presented, the various false historical processes taken for granted, appear in Irish historical work almost as much as in our own, save where Irish interests are concerned.

For instance, the exaggeration of the personality of Elizabeth, the ridiculous idea that wealth and population, and even something today called "the Empire," were expanding during the long life of that unhappy, managed,

and ineffectually recalcitrant woman; the legend that the victory of the rich in the seventeenth century had something to do with "liberty" or "democracy," or what not; all these things you will find believed even in Ireland.

I think it was in these columns that I alluded only recently to a very startling instance of this sort of thing. I found in a great Irish Catholic institution Trevelyan's "History of England" being used as a textbook!

But, however it may be in Ireland, certainly throughout England, the thing is universal. I was myself brought up on a textbook of English history, written by old Frank Bright, a typically Oxford book, profoundly anti-Catholic in its whole presentation of the past. I grew up, as I think pretty well every boy does who is educated in England, under an impression of the past of Europe and of my own country, more thoroughly soaked in the dislike and ignorance of the Church than you will find elsewhere in Europe. I did not know that history had thus been warped for me, because the whole false thing was set down as a matter of course.

There is no special emphasis laid now (as there used to be in less hypocritical and more scholarly days) upon the anti-Catholic bias; it is simply part of the atmosphere you breathe in with your reading and which becomes part of you. The writers themselves hardly know what they are doing; any more than we, when we talk our native language, appreciate its special character.

It was not till I began looking up things for myself and going into original authorities for the sake of historical work of my own that I began to perceive the enormous discrepancy between the official history we are all taught and the truth.

Most Catholics think it enough to question particular points in which they believe particular institutions or persons specially connected with Catholic controversy to be maligned. They explain the errors in the usual presentation of the Galileo case, they distinguish between the human and the Divine authority in public action, they eulogize a few isolated characters (usually the same as are eulogized by Protestant historians as a sop—for instance, Blessed Thomas More), but of breasting the flood of misstatement, of rectifying the universal false proportion and general outline, they have no idea.

They swallow Motley whole. They respectfully quote Green, Macaulay, and even Carlyle. The theses that the Netherlands rose as one man in patriotic revolt against a

wicked Spanish tyrant, that the Scottish people went Calvinist *en bloc* and enthusiastically destroyed some poor remnant of the Faith in their midst, that England was one great cheering patriotic body supporting the Reformation, against which a small but heroic minority of Catholics, torn between their ardent Elizabethan patriotism and their odd, misunderstood allegiance to Peter: all these things our Catholic educated public, as a whole, still accepts. They take it for granted that throughout the seventeenth century a tiny English Catholic minority dwindled yet further, until by the time of James II, it was insignificant. They accept, without demur, the preposterous myth put forward by our enemies against that remarkable man; they readily call the rich squires and merchants who made the Revolution of 1688 "the English people."

All this false history is accepted as a matter of course since the disaster of the sixteenth century; and as for the Middle Ages, they are a foreign country.

It is not a popular thing to say—and I take the greater pleasure on that account in saying it—that it is high time we began to react. We must begin to rewrite and to reread the history of our own past and of the past of Europe as a whole. Catholic history is simply true history, for it was the Catholic Church that made Europe; it is only in the line of Catholic tradition that any man can understand Europe or England, which is part of Europe; and if you read the story of Europe or England in the light of anti-Catholicism, you get its whole form distorted.

#### ADDRESS TO THE CROWN

He made them and He called them good  
As they had grown in the bramble wood,  
Long and glistening, green and brown  
Thorns that now in woven crown  
Approached to clasp His stricken Head,  
As gently chiding them He said:  
"Children, My Thorns, on the wild thorn tree  
That were your proper place to be.  
Along your woods young April goes  
And sweet in the brake is the wind that blows.  
Here indeed you have lost your skies;  
Why are you twisted circle-wise,  
What do you here in the hands of men?"

And it seems the Thorns gave answer then:  
"You know, my lord, it is not we  
Have left our place on the bramble tree,  
But evil hearts that cry for Blood  
Have torn us away from the April wood.  
There is a thing which men call sin,  
We think it is this that drives us in:  
With Blood above, and Blood below.  
You know we would not have it so,  
With Blood below, and Blood above,  
Believe it is a clasp of love  
We take upon Your holy Head,  
Forgive us living, and love us, dead."

And He who had made them and called them good.  
The long sharp thorns of the young spring wood,  
He bowed His holy Head to them  
And went to His death in their diadem.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C.S.C.

## The Forgivable Sacrilege of Papa Bernardo

CYRIL B. EGAN

NEVER had Papa Bernardo borne a greater burden to the confessional than on this late Easter Eve: not his greatest conscience burden, indeed (for he had been away little more than three months), but a load of Easter packages that only a springtime Santa Claus would think of putting up with:—real rabbits and duck eggs and a flitch of bacon from Washington Market; candy rabbits and sugar chickens and chocolate eggs from Loft's, —these for little Mary and Peggy; while for little Joe there was a two-foot, shaggy browed, blinky eyed funnikin totally irrelevant to the season, his Christian—or was it his pagan name?—being Roly Poly Willy Winker.

A little pagan!—Papa Bernardo, in the latter end of his prepenitential devotions, chuckled when the thought of him. What an ingenious, delicate mechanism the Roly Poly was! You couldn't knock him down, and the slightest vibration got him going,—set that goggle left eye wisely winking, set that shaggy right eyebrow archly lifting! Joe would die laughing at him, surely.

The billiken would make anyone laugh. It would make even young White Face sitting in the pew in front of him laugh. That fellow got on old Bernardo's nerves. He hated to see people pray so demonstratively. Now the young man would bury his head in his hands. Now he would look up, despairing. It seemed like a fake to Papa Bernardo—a pious fake. That kind of going-on may have been sincere, but it wasn't genuine.

Just look at the fellow: here it was his turn to go to confession, and instead of doing that, he was rising abruptly, buttoning up his coat like a tragedian, and—by George!—walking out of the church. Straight out of the church, glancing neither to left nor right of him. At a terrific clip, as if the devil were in his feet. Now could you beat that? A bug, if ever there was one! O well . . . there was always some such neurotic gargoyle to decorate the penitential bench. Meanwhile, his turn having been thus anticipated, Papa Bernardo had better be moving into the confessional himself.

It was luckily the tail end of confession time at Saint Teresa's, so that there was hardly a soul in the church to see the suburban parent staggering with his absurd bundles to the one priest who remained hearing behind a green baize screen set up on the altar. For Papa Bernardo couldn't think of leaving his precious pack behind him in the pew. This was a miscellaneous neighborhood, and not all who came to church came to cry "Lord, Lord!"

So up to the altar presently he went, somewhat embarrassed by a tearing sound from the huge overcramped paper bag which contained the Roly Poly Winker. But he only held that bag with a tighter right arm, plumping himself—as he arrived at the penitent's division of the screen—gingerly upon his knees, lest by any abrupt movement a greater gash be produced in the tenuous container. Then with his left hand he deposited the Washington

Market bundle at his side, and began—"Bless me, Father—I've been away from confession three months, and—"

Ah, but the distracted confession Papa Bernardo made! As he told each sin, numbered each fault, presented each peccadillo, penance sincere was in his heart, but in the bottom of the bundle in his arm—almost in his top-coat pocket—was this fleering flibbertigibbet, responding doubtless to the slightest impulse of the penitential breadth, bobbing his head at the scruples, arching his brow at the faults, and at the big black sins gaily winking his goggle eye. How on earth could one make a good confession with that foolish fellow at one's side? He drove the most important sins out of one's mind.—Now what did Papa Bernardo want to remember but couldn't? . . . Just what was that big one? . . . Mmm—mmm . . . *Absolve te*—There, the priest was giving him absolution, and it was all over. O well, Papa Bernardo had done his best!

In considerable excitement he gathered up his packages, and proceeded from the altar. At once, a loud subterranean roar clamored beneath his feet as though in protest against an inadequate confession; but Bernardo with a sigh of relief remembered that the subway ran by here. Then he heard the clump-clump of his confessor's brogans retreating into the vestry, whereby he knew that the Easter confessions were over. A brief sidewise genuflection at the altar rail—he was long overdue home—and Papa Bernardo had started out through the echoing empty church to hail a taxi.

Homeward bound to Leonia that night on the 9:45, the bundle bearer was beset with visions of a face, an oddly irrelevant scared white face; then drowsing off, he dreamed a dream, the briefest most fantastic dream. He dreamt that he knelt once more in St. Teresa's Church at midnight; and there on the lowest step of the altar, head inclined toward the tabernacle, sat Roly Poly Willy Winker, and he (impudent Puck!) was raising his brows, and winking his eye, and nodding his head and bobbing his head, and winking again—again and again at Almighty God!

The dream must have come while Papa Bernardo was yet lightly dozing, for almost at the impact of the image outrageous, he awoke with a start and nervously felt of the big brown bundle.

Gone!—A great rip in the bottom of the bag, but no Willy Winker. Yes, that's where it had been—in the bottom. If it wasn't there, it was no place—save on the altar of St. Teresa's where he must have dropped it unnoticed during the clamor of the passing train. Great Heaven—what a blunder, what a sacrilege, if this little potbellied pagan should be left on God's step winking and smirking at Him through the silent watches of the night! Whatever should Papa Bernardo do?—Get off at the next station and go back? Or telephone the rectory? But they would think him mad. Yet how else get in touch there? For he must have left it in that particular spot: where else could he have dropped unheeded this pawn of Beelzebub? Papa Bernardo, helpless, habitual, hopelessly

inhibited and homeward predestined, wrung his hands as onward sped the train, carrying him further and further from the scene of his sacrilege.

Now it happened—some few minutes before Bernardo's dream—that there was a man stumbled by that selfsame church; and his face was white with passion, though his eyes bespoke one haunted by the phantom feet of the inevitable Heaven hound. Not only haunted—but hunted! How else account for the fact, that in his aimless, soul-torn and circuitous preamble to the devil, young White Face should bring up at the very door of the church which he had so recently fled? What was the sense of it? This sanctuary had failed him. He knew full well, despite his fumbling gestures of resistance, where he was going to wind up. And yet . . . one last despairing step he took, and dragged himself with dogged but dubious gait in through the open door and down the aisles of St. Teresa's.

Down on his knees he dropped in a pew nearest the dim-lit altar, and violently, valiantly, he strove to pray.

He—or something within him—wanted to be close to God. He felt alone, horribly alone. He wanted to speak to some one—he wanted to have some one speak to him.

But again in the gloom of this deserted church he felt more lonely than ever. He made a prayer and then another; but he hadn't the slightest notion of what he was saying. . . . His prayers were old bones, and he himself was stale, flat, unprofitable,—plunged in the lowest depths of the deepest night. Ah yes,—the purge of passion would make him live again—of that he was sure: or better and loftier, the purge of tragedy, Christ's tragedy on the cross.

But—argued the subtle one—that mighty drama was over and done with, yesterday, or at most by noon of today.

What then?

His head was in his hands, yet his eyes only focused on vileness and villainy.

"Good God—speak to me!"

But seemingly the good God had nothing to say to him tonight.

He looked up from his orison, beaten, bewildered, thoroughly weakened: he felt an ominous subterranean rumble beneath his feet—and then he saw—a Sign.

The Roly Poly Winker—on the lowest step of the altar—its painted head bobbing in a beam of moonlight, its shaggy brows archly lifting, its goggle eye wisely winking—winking again and again, gayly at God.

*Wink—wink—*

The tabernacle lamp winked, too, simultaneously and joyously.

*Wink—wink—*

The youth himself had caught the contagion, or was it that he was blinking at sight of a jocular miracle?

Fascinated, uplifted, carried almost at once out of himself—or exalted up to himself, he watched and he watched the cherubic funnikin, and he laughed once aloud, to the great scandal of the sad silent saints in their niches.

But with that laugh, the miasma lifted wholly from his

mind, and his heart grew light and lighter, and the raging passion within him was sublimated presently to a white hot flame which leaped toward God.

Then he found his prayer:

"God, give me grace always to see the Joke!"

Calmly, thereafter, he knelt awhile, watching the winking billiken, gazing on the twinkling lamp, and, between the two, piously meditating on the Hidden Wisdom until an elderly and half-blind sexton bustled forward to clear him out and close up the church.

Well, it didn't matter. The young man was all right now. He could go in peace.

And instead of questing evil beyond the city limits, blithely the boy tarried at home in the big town where the truest virtue dwells.

## Can the Newspaper Be Purified?

THEODORE F. MACMANUS

SOME time ago there appeared in one of the larger national magazines a fiction story of a New York newspaperman who had taken charge of a small daily in a Southern State. He bragged that he was a newspaperman, "you know, a real newspaperman." His conditions of employment were satisfactory and he jogged along comfortably until, by chance, he discovered in the little town, which was something of a vacation resort for work-tortured Northerners, an outbreak of smallpox in the shanty district.

He garnered the facts and built them into a sensational front-page story. This he was about to send to press when the owner of the paper saw the proofs. The owner summoned him and ordered him to kill the story. He refused. He lost his job. But he returned North still bragging, "I'm a newspaperman."

For such a character I have admiration, although I pause to observe that the character is fictional.

In my experience the modern editor is only bold when he discusses some remote problem which cannot possibly affect his commercial well-being, or when he is clubbed by circumstance into realizing that he can popularly and profitably take a brave stand on some question which has arisen in his immediate vicinage. When the conduct of some far-off petty statesman or people offends him he can be as brave as a lion. When the statesman or the people are in a position to retaliate he becomes more cautious. When the statesman or the people represent a market he is deferential. The closer he comes to the "home grounds" the more circumspect becomes his comment. He rarely takes a stand on any subject of real consequence and he only offends against those whom it is safe to offend. These are not generalities. They are particularities born of experience.

In the brief span of some nine or ten years begun at the trustful age of seventeen it was my good or evil fortune to run the gamut of newspaper executive activity from the lowly role of cub reporter to editor-in-chief. Out of that experience I set down my conviction: that no phase of

modern business is so supersensitive and cowardly as the newspaper business. Out of the newspaper business I emerged into the advertising business. Millions of dollars have passed through my hands into newspapers and periodicals—probably some fifteen million dollars will do so during the present year.

As a climax and a conclusion of this second experience I repeat that in all modern business there is no business so sensitive and so cowardly and, I will add, in some of its manifestations, so corrupt and corrupting, as the publishing business and in particular the newspaper business.

Elsewhere I have tried to trace the origin, the rise, and the fall of the power of the editor. Its rise was coincident with the modern re-discovery of type, and—much more significant—the advent of the Reformation. Its almost Jovian power flourished and ruled the world for nearly three centuries. Skimming the surface of the subject and coming to recent events I find that it wielded tremendous influence in our own country even so short a time as half a century ago. As a personal individual power—oft-times for good—it died with the death of the Greeleys, Wattersons, Danas, Lockes and other giants who shaped the political and almost the social and moral habits of our earlier national years. That power has gone. For that power has been substituted shock, sensation, and suggestion. The newspaper has become merely a disseminator of dubious news—the periodical publisher an entrepreneur. The spigot of filth is turned on as deliberately and cold-bloodedly and mechanically for the stimulation of circulation as the presses are started by the pressman for the printing of the paper.

Consider some immediate cases—Peaches-Browning, Hall-Mills, Leopold-Loeb, King Ben of the House of David, Charlie Chaplin and his girl wife, also the malodorous Fatty Arbuckle incident. There are a dozen others.

In New York and other large cities the tabloids went to these atrocious cases with a furious appetite. Not satisfied with the evil facts, they invented the new and abominable device of the "composite" photograph to render the "drama" as realistically pornographic as human ingenuity could make it.

It is amusing to consider the haste with which the newspapers that claim respectability, because of the accident appearing in a standard size, attempt to shift responsibility to the "tabloids," those new adventurers in journalism that have proved little besides the fact that no matter how small a newspaper may be it can always subordinate real news to aggressive salaciousness. All are equally guilty, for all have interpreted public taste in the lowest terms. Not one of the cases mentioned, or others that might be mentioned, such as the amazing Aimee McPherson interlude and the Earl Carroll bathtub infamy, justified in news value anything like the hospitality they received in the headlines—yet they climbed high in the front pages and became national monstrosities, whereas public decency should have restrained them to what really were their proper dimensions of unimportant local police-court imbroglios.

It would be just as logical for the newspapers to describe or reproduce the wares of the slimy gentlemen occasionally arrested for selling lascivious photographs. Indeed, where is the enterprise of the new school of public taste panderers that they overlook these minor opportunities to magnify scraps of filth? They had no hesitation in taking a dead man, the original "sheik," (a word dragged from the desert to serve the purpose of apotheosizing sexual depravity) and smearing Valentino over the eyes of babes and sucklings. Why do they stop at anything when the hypocritical protection of "court records" seems to sustain them in their most outrageous violations of elementary taste?

This brings me to a point which I advance with diffidence. No one has ever told me either in the confessional, from the altar, or in private conversation that I might find the newspaper or the average fiction periodical or the motion picture a proximate occasion of sin. And yet I am not at all sure that all three of these devil-engines may not at any time initiate in my imagination a process which could easily ultimate in sin. I cannot convince myself that the sensibilities of man have so altered that his senses can be continually assaulted with impunity.

It is my private opinion that sophistication is not an armor against temptation. The young person to whom I am frequently referred as a new type which can "take care of itself" impresses me as one of two things—either a myth or an abnormality. There seems to be scientific sanction for the assumption that even so mild a thing as discussion of a dangerous topic produces an immediate effect upon the blood and bodily temperature. Therefore, it is difficult for me to conceive a young person or an adult so superbly armored that he or she can steep the senses continually in suggestion without harm to the will—to the mind—the body and the soul.

Whether I have pushed the point too far or whether I have not, all will agree with me, I believe, that many newspapers and many periodicals are unhealthy and vulgarizing and dangerous. We should all feel easier in our minds if they were, comparatively at least, cleaner. Well—out of my experience as a newspaper man and a merchandizer of advertising, I have the temerity to maintain that there is a comparatively easy way in which they can be made clean. Hark back, please, to my earlier statement—that newspapers are flimsy structures built and torn down every day, composed chiefly of lath, plaster, and putty. Keep in mind that other contention that loss of circulation produces immediate, almost instantaneous panic in any newspaper office or in any periodical publishing house. All that an honest, Catholic-minded public has to do is to abstain from buying and reading the offensive publication.

In groups so small as to be confined to the hundred they can make themselves felt at once in the smaller cities by abstention and announcement of that abstention. When they begin to withdraw in blocks of one thousand the battle has not merely begun, but the victory is won. Select any powerful newspaper you choose in the largest city in the country and show that newspaper an absentee list of

fifty thousand and only one thing remains for the newspaper—capitulation and reformation. But how bring about that abstention? It is so simple and so easy that it seems ridiculous and will be met by many with scoffing and incredulity.

To the skeptic and the scoffer I have just this to say—a quarter of a century of experience has given me some knowledge. And I say that any average newspaper can be disciplined, cleansed, and reformed by a massed program of signed pledge cards. What sort of pledge cards? Cards pledging the signer to refrain for a period of thirty, sixty, or ninety days from reading or permitting to be read in his or her home any newspapers or periodical prejudicial to private or public morals. How would these pledge cards be distributed and gathered? They would be announced from all the pulpits in a particular diocese on a particular day; distributed in the church and gathered at the church door. Who would sponsor the movement? The pastors, I hope. Who would execute it? The congregation, but more especially, the women of the congregation. When would it begin to work and produce its effect? Not later than Monday morning. How? Through panic on the part of the publisher—almost immediately afterward by protest from the advertiser to the publisher alarmed at the withdrawal of so large a body from the newspaper circulation.

If—God grant it may so eventuate—even one Bishop or even one priest prosecuted the plan—the crusade for the elimination of at least one modern evil will be under way. In many cities, given this leadership, non-Catholic congregations (I know whereof I speak) will follow. It is even possible to precipitate a righteous stampede. Precise ways and means? These could be easily worked out. Personally I would name the offending publications with no fear of reprisals. I would anticipate the almost inevitable hypocritical rejoinder of the editor that he "does not know how to clean his columns"—when to begin and where to end. It would be easy to show him how, in the name of several hundreds of thousands of decent-minded men and women of his community. If he does not care to hearken to that voice? Very well, the bankruptcy court is a democratic institution. Its doors are open to all.

Which leads to a concluding moral that all business is sensitive to pressure from without. Even the banker must walk warily lest he alienate his influential clientele. Corporations holding almost the power of life and death assiduously court public opinion. The man with something to sell must consider his market. The newspaper publisher has something to sell. He has two assets which must be protected at all hazards. One of them is circulation, the other, advertising. The enormous reward which attaches to the second, depends upon maintaining the first. Publishers—newspaper publishers in particular—are not merely sensitive and subservient to the public favor which manufactures circulation—they are timid to the point of abject cowardice.

The newspaper's sensitive nerve is located in the circulation cash drawer.

**Sociology****A Catholic "Mother's Day"**

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

THE worst man I ever knew used to weep about his poor old mother, but that was when he was in drink. In his sober moments I am not aware that she absorbed his tender thoughts, or that he had any. At least he was not the sort of son who would pawn his coat to procure the old lady a cheering cup of tea.

We are hard put to it when we must choose between sentimentality and commercialism, but not often is the choice forced upon us. "Mother's Day" probably was born in a moment of lush sentimentalism, but it bids fair to end in an orgy of commercialism. Florists began by asking you to send mother a rose, and then doubling the price of the rose. Last year we were advised to send mother a variety of things: a telegram or a cable; a phonograph record or a wireless set; a piano or a 1926 roadster. If the advertisers had their way, business must have been good in all lines.

For some years I have been suggesting in these pages that we attack this commercialism, and forgetting cheap sentimentality, make "Mother's Day" a truly Catholic festival.

I am not speaking, of course, in a liturgical sense. Sunday, May 8, 1927, is "Mother's Day" in the secular calendar, and the Third Sunday after Easter is the Calendar of the Church. Yet, by a happy coincidence, on "Mother's Day," 1927, we shall hear from the lips of Our Blessed Lord Himself, a very tender reference to the sorrow and the joy of motherhood!

The distinction needs no argument. The Catholic who receives Holy Communion on Thanksgiving Day, in gratitude for the blessings Almighty God has shown us, and on the Fourth of July, with a prayer that the benefits secured us by the Constitution may be continued, acts according to the mind of the Church. Nor is argument needed to show how easily the whole spirit and purpose of "Mother's Day" can, by united effort on part of our parish priests and their people, be made genuinely Catholic.

In the mind of every Catholic the word "mother" has something of the joy of the sweet Maiden Mother at Bethlehem, something of the cherishing love of the Mother in the holy home at Nazareth, something of the sorrow of the Maiden Mother who followed her Son to Calvary, and turned in anguish to His suffering Face when for our sins He was hanged upon the bitter Tree. Doubtless, could we look into the hearts of our own mothers, whether they be still with us, or sheltered with God, we should read a like story of joy and sorrow . . . and because of us, perhaps, more sorrow than joy. From childhood mother told us of our Mother in Heaven, and as the years go on, our memory of our two mothers merges. What a commentary on the destruction of Christian ideals wrought by sectarian hatred, when we reflect that for four centuries some thought that they honored the Son by

dishonoring the Mother, and that they could teach the child a more ardent love of Jesus Christ by teaching contempt of her whom He loved best of all! We Catholics know that the love which binds us to our Mother in Heaven and to our earthly mother, binds us yet more closely to Him.

The best way in which we can show our gratitude to our mothers is to receive Holy Communion for them. If they are still with us, we can tell them of our intention. If they have passed to where beyond these voices there is peace, we can add fervor to our prayer in their behalf to Him Who thought of His Mother to the end. In a number of parishes it has become the custom to announce "Mother's Sunday" from the altar two weeks in advance. A properly-worded invitation will bring remarkable results. A veteran pastor wrote me two years ago that "Mothers' Sunday" drew more men and women to Holy Communion than the General Communion on Easter Sunday or at the end of a parish mission. In some parishes, the day was advertised by a hand-bill. Last year, the pastor of the Church of St. Ignatius, Brooklyn, New York, sent a neatly-printed card, bearing the following invitation to every man in the parish:

## MOTHER'S DAY

*The Officers and Members of  
the Holy Name Society of St. Ignatius Church  
invite every Catholic Man to join them  
in their Monthly Communion  
Sunday Morning, May 9, 1926  
at the eight o'clock Mass  
as a Tribute to his Mother, living or dead.*

*"To remember one's mother by the gift of a flower is a beautiful custom, but much more beautiful is it to remember her in prayer and at the Sacred Table"—AMERICA.*

The expense of issuing a similar invitation may prevent imitation of this example. But thousands of parish churches now print a monthly "Bulletin." A page in the May number devoted to an invitation directed particularly to the men, but including every member of the parish, would doubtless induce hundreds of thousands throughout the country to receive Holy Communion on Sunday, May 8, 1927.

St. Mary's Church, Toledo, Ohio, and the Church of the Sacred Heart, Pittsburgh, are two outstanding examples of what can be done to make "Mother's Day" Catholic. "It did not cost us anything to celebrate Mother's Day," writes the Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, D.D., of Pittsburgh, "and its spiritual dividends were beyond all price." On the previous Sunday, a sermon on the dignity and privilege of Catholic motherhood was preached at all the Masses. "We appealed for the substitution of a real Catholic festival, and the congregation was summoned to approach the Sacraments in family groups and to receive Holy Communion for their mother's intention whether she be living or dead, for either in this world or the next she would rejoice at the act, and profit by it." A special "Bulletin" was printed, and given to every member in the parish. Dr. Coakley's invitation was not to the men, but to the whole family. Special Masses,

he thinks, have "a tendency to keep parents and children apart at their devotions; and this is bad sociology and poor Christianity." Of course, the Sisters had their part in the celebration, for they asked the children "to talk it up at home, to promise their mothers they would go to Holy Communion, and to do what they could to urge their older brothers and sisters to fall in line with the family."

With the ground so carefully prepared, the harvest was abundant. "The results surprised even us," wrote Dr. Coakley, "in this large parish, accustomed though we are to great crowds flocking to the communion rails. . . . The sight was thrilling to observe—whole families, father, mother and all the children, even though grown up, kneeling side by side, as they came in long procession, Mass after Mass, until the arms of the priests were exhausted distributing the Divine Bread of Life. . . . Not infrequently, absent ones sent excuses and promised their presence at the celebration this year. Many of the communicants wore the white carnation, but all wore the precious flower of God's grace, a much more hardy and beautiful bloom in the celestial garden. In many cases absent sons and daughters came from a distance for this function, to reunite the household, thus giving added strength and cohesion to blessed family ties."

That is splendid sociology and glorious Christianity!

May God grant a similar function in thousands of Catholic churches throughout the length and breadth of the land on Sunday, May 8, 1927. As Dr. Coakley shows, in comparison with the results the outlay of time and a little money, perhaps, is as nothing. Catholics will respond if their attention is secured. Therefore advertising is necessary.

I would suggest that the advertising follow these lines. (1) An invitation by card or by handbill, repeated in the "Church Bulletin"; (2) on Sunday, May 2, an announcement from the altar, and, if the circumstances allow, a sermon or instruction on the privilege and dignity of Catholic motherhood; (3) enlist the interests of the Sisters and Brothers in the parish school, so that the children will carry the message home; (4) larger facilities on the previous Saturday for confessions; and (5) a petition at daily Mass that the Son of Mary may bless our "Catholic Mother's Day."

#### EASTER

Gray in the east, that slowly turns to gold,  
Shadows that pass, and as they pass unfold

All that the earth had stored of leaf and flower,  
Bourgeoning forth, triumphant in this hour.

Gray, the hollowed rock wherein He sleeps;  
Grief in the heart of one Mary as she weeps.

Golden the light that bursts, dispelling gloom;  
Radiant the Flower of Men, rising from the tomb.

CAROL STONE.

#### Education

### Sharing An Enjoyment of Poetry

BURTON CONFREY

NO teacher expects to find that all his college freshmen enjoy poetry. He may soon discover many who are willing to be exposed to it after taking an appreciation test, such as those published by Columbia University. When young men learn that the reason they dislike poetry lies in the fact that they had been taught that the sentimental (not so named) was beautiful, they are sportsmen enough to want to try again to take on an appreciation which had been characteristic of their ancestors through the centuries.

Adolescent boys are sensitive as galvanometers in the detection of the sentimental, without knowing its classification. They merely know they dislike it. When in an orientation course they discover that the legitimate objectives in learning are ideals, appreciations, attitudes, skills, and habits—that once these are acquired they are real possessions, not something to be forgotten over night—they are willing to make a new start. To be sure, religion is the best field for the teaching of appreciations; but poetry, too, offers an opportunity. Many students, it is true, understand only the narrative in verse; but they can learn to appreciate other forms. Once they realize that the study of poetry does not consist in memorizing definitions of abstract terms—they never use, or of copying stanzas from the home-town gazette, or getting someone else to write lines to cram the instructor's maw, they begin to suspend judgment. At least, they are open to conviction.

In the last edition of "The Writing of English" Manly and Rickert omit their chapter on versification—an intelligent omission, since some conscientious teacher might feel he had to teach every chapter in the text. We do not schedule a study of poetry as a part of the course for freshmen; and yet students tell us they can "one-step" to a roommate's reading of "Lepanto" or that they "hike" to the rhythm of "Boots," that we ought to hear So-and-so read Service's "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" or see two fellows pantomime "My Last Duchess," or "Andrea del Sarto," while a third reads the poem. From this evidence we infer that much may be gained from reading aloud poems with strongly-marked rhythm, and from sharing enthusiasms about discoveries in the field of poetry. Of course, the person who can neither appreciate nor read aloud well cannot interest others in this manner.

Students readily learn to distinguish between the gentle art of skipping when reading for information, and the wholly desirable method of weighing words when reading for pleasure; and strangely enough they do not confuse the procedures any more than they confuse their "in-class" and "out-of-class" vocabularies. When they become aware that Browning and Tennyson arrange words to force certain vocal utterances, when they realize the tone-color in Tennyson's "The Death of Arthur," "The

Lotus Eaters," "Sir Galahad," "St. Agnes' Eve" and "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," in Vaughan Moody's "Gloucester Moors," or in Keat's "Eve of St. Agnes"; when they feel the beauty of Stephen Phillips' "Marpessa," of James Stephens' "Green Branches," or the sonnets of Rupert Brooke, Walter de la Mare, and W. W. Gibson, they need no course in the appreciation of poetry. They try to overcome the awful habit of wanting to know "What next?" "What about it?" They learn to enjoy inquiring "Why is this said?" "In this way?"

Those who are interested may be given mimeographed sheets telling concisely how to approach the writing of poetry, or the translation from foreign languages into English with examples. It is advantageous to have mimeographed copies of comparative studies of good, poor, and worse treatments of the same idea in verse (such as Marguerite Wilkinson presents in "New Voices") or copies of short poems such as Father Ryan's "A Child's Wish," which made one student feel that he could never ring the bell on the altar harshly again. They learn to like John G. Fletcher's "Butterfly," Sandburg's "The Fog," W. W. Gibson's "To the Memory of Rupert Brooke," Maurice Francis Egan's "Maurice de Guerin," "Theocritus," and "St. Teresa to Our Lord," Masefield's "Sea Fever," Louise Imogen Guiney's "The Knight Errant," "The Vigil at Arms," "The Wild Ride," "The Kings," "Take Temperance to Thy Breast," and treasures from Father Tabb, Alice Meynell, Francis Thompson, and other Catholic poets.

If students will list honestly their reactions to the poems read, the vagaries of their choices are interesting. One wondered why "Lancelot and Elaine" and "The Death of Arthur" had never been put in moving pictures. After another had read "The Hound of Heaven" often enough for its strangeness to disappear, he found that his pleasure in reading it diminished. An only son felt after coming upon "Ex Ore Infantium" that he had a little brother. In class a student asked that "Rizpah" be not finished because it gave him "the creeps." The first reading of "Andrea del Sarto" failed to appeal to any member of an entire class. Many enjoyed Kilmer's "Delicatessen"; and after hearing Tennyson's "The Northern Farmer," Frost's "Code Heroics," and Service's "Cremation of Sam Magee" asked for a list of humorous poems.

All my students are in the college of science, and few of them care to write in verse, or have the time necessary for the brooding out of which a commendable effort may come. In class we discussed how to read "Lepanto" marking the stresses to get the rhythm—an excellent way to review poetics. One of the students discovered that Vachel Lindsay's "Congo" was similar to it. They got the rhythm of "Boots," "The Highwayman," "The Revenge" immediately; and that led to a discussion of how to write poetry. We recommended Roget's "Thesaurus" and a "Rhyming Dictionary," emphasized the value of storing choice bits in the memory, and offered to criticize any poems they cared to submit. Two years

ago less than one per cent of all my students offered verse; last year seven out of 120 submitted material in verse—three of them learning to write creditably.

Evidently it is poor policy to demand the writing of verse. Most of the students realize that they have nothing to say in that medium. To be sure, the clever ones will get pleasure out of parodying; but it depreciates the poetry of M. F. Egan to have the first line of one of his sonnets turned into "There were no wienies till the first dog died." If, however, students care to write a quatrain for a Mother's Day card, they should be encouraged to do so; or if they wish to see their instructor's attempt at that sort of thing, he should be able to satisfy them.

When during the second semester reading clubs form (a boon at boarding schools), groups of two or more read to each other, beginning by re-reading poems they have heard in class. Those who discovered the attractiveness of Masefield's "Dauber" and "Sea Fever," of Housman's "A Shropshire Lad" and Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol" suggested that a list of favorites be mimeographed. Such lists proved a great satisfaction even to those who are saving suggestions until they have time to read. Some groups began, under five self-selected rules, to collect anthologies of verse. It would require another paper to tell of this experiment.

Surely we need not mention the inspiration that comes to an instructor who keeps ahead of his students in the discovery of new beauty, or the necessity of his spending a greater number of hours reading and re-reading the masters than he does reading freshman compositions.

### With Scrip and Staff

ONE does not need to go far to find instances of the idols that Chesterton spoke of last week, which are set up to offset Catholic teaching, only to be chucked aside later by their devotees. The Catholic doctrine of a definite, authoritative teaching as to virtue and vice was made to give way to the *sense* of being good, the *feeling* that you were a sinner, the *feeling* that you were converted. Now the psychologists, following the lead of William James, are finding out that those feelings, which Luther and his modern disciples so counted on, are mere morbid symptoms. The "sense of sin," the "sense of getting religion," is neuropathic. Thus another idol is thrown on the dumpheap.

So Professor Elton Mayo, of the University of Pennsylvania, joins the idol-smashers in the April *Harpers*. "Studies such as these," he writes, "take the investigation of sin completely out of the realm of moral disquisition in which the nineteenth century placed it. . . . Sin, with a capital letter, is a morbid mental trait, it is symptomatic of obsession in however slight a degree." The trouble, he says, is a "false dichotomy," a struggle between "good" feelings and "bad" feelings. This struggle brings about obsession, and lands you sooner or later in the mental clinic. Hence to keep our young people sane, this "dichotomy," this wretched conflict must be got rid of at all cost.

Of course we do not want our young people to get into this sort of a mess; but we shall never keep people out of it if we confuse a healthy conscience with a morbid sentimentality. The true sense of sin comes from solid Christian moral instruction. It is the consciousness that God's law has been or may be disobeyed. It is entirely different from an unhealthy sense of shame, from the undue mental and nervous disturbance that some people feel from the fear of possible disgrace. And there is a healthy shame, that leads to the avoidance of acts that rightly bring disgrace. The morbid scruples, reveries, and pruderies that Professor Mayo mentions, or the cases where sin is indulged in while the agonizing fear of disgrace persists, are due, not to the Christian moral ideal, but to its neglect, combined in some cases with physical weaknesses, fit subjects for the physician. If we wish to safeguard our youth against the inner "conflicts" that distress Professor Mayo we must return to a sane system of moral instruction, and to a sane understanding of the part that our feelings are meant to play in helping us to a decent life.

IN the same issue of *Harpers*, Dr. John Jesudason Cornelius, a Christian native of India, and Professor in Lucknow University, blames his un-oriental name on the wrong policies of Christian missions. "Christianity," he says, referring to the early (Catholic) missionaries, "though . . . intolerant of other Faiths, made a place for herself by her loving ministry . . . But as years went on, commercial and political interests began to influence the missionary's activities without his being conscious of it." The Bible was followed by gunpowder. Loyal cooperation with the British Government was made the condition for preaching the Gospel in India. Western, and particularly Nordic, education was forced on the East. Western virtues were extolled, and Western political and social corruption concealed. Eastern students returning to China and India were shocked by caste systems and cruelties they found in the United States, and by false pretenses used in raising money for the East. Hence the growing Eastern antagonism to Western missionary effort.

Dr. Cornelius proposes as a remedy the empty compromise of Modernism. He does not mention that Communism, whose missionary effort is now sweeping the East, knows no compromise, no tolerance for any doctrines but its own, nor any respect for personal conviction. The methods by which some varieties of Christianity have been introduced deserve to be blamed. But Communism, unlike true Christianity, which is for all men alike, is wholly alien to the East as it is to the West. Those in the East who surrender to its demands on body and soul can hardly boast any longer of their spiritual independence.

FATHER WILLIAM F. RIGGE, S.J., professor of mathematics and astronomy and the oldest instructor in point of service in Creighton University, Omaha, died on April 1, as a result of a lung infection. Father Rigge was one of the little band of six Jesuits who came

to Omaha in 1878 to open Creighton College. His work in astronomy was done in conjunction with Fathers Hedrick and Hagen, the latter of whom is now director of the Vatican Observatory in Rome. His work in the preparation of star maps is said to have been recognized as the best ever made. But his eyesight was affected by it, and he relinquished intensive work with the telescope.

After eleven years of labor, Father Rigge completed the Creighton harmonic motion machine, the most extraordinary machine of its kind in the world. A book, "Harmonic Curves," explaining the machine, was placed on sale last fall, and has won attractive comment from the *Scientific American*, *Science and Invention*, *Science*, *Popular Astronomy*, and other technical publications.

Father Hagen, by the way, has just celebrated his eightieth birthday in a most agreeable way. The Holy Father dropped in to call on him at the Vatican Observatory. He had given him a medal engraved in his honor, made him an honorary Doctor of Theology, and now invited him for a walk around the paths of the Vatican Garden. Why should the laity have all the gayety? says the old song. There is some left for old Jesuits and astronomers too. For even if no Vatican garden be at hand, there is in store a greater garden that they have long gazed upon. As once was said to Father Stephen Perry, so too we may some day say to Hedrick, Hagen and Rigge:

"Passed through thy golden garden's bars,  
Thou seest the Gardener of the Stars."

THE PILGRIM'S belief, that the characters of St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus appeal straight to the American boy, if only rightly presented, is echoed by a Mother who writes to me from Montana. "I remember presenting a copy of the life of St. Stanislaus to my young son, who was at the same time captivated by the Boy Scout movement. He read it absorbedly, and finished with a profound 'Gee, he was a good scout!' I cannot remember the name of the author, but he had the knack of reaching the modern mind. . . ."

The author of both of the little pamphlets is Father C. C. Martindale, S. J. The "Life of St. Stanislaus" is published by the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, New York, that of St. Aloysius by the America Press.

Incidentally this mother of St. Stanislaus' admirer teaches, just as an "aside," a class of Bible History to twenty-four high-school students, none of whom had attended a Catholic school, for the simple reason that there was none to attend. Exceptional, you say. Indeed! Strange that in the old, pre-vacuum-cleaner days, when mothers had the spinning wheel, the smoke-house and a thousand other home duties to look after, we read of so many great Catholic ladies who found time, after raising a dozen or more children in the fear of God, to gather neglected little ones about them on a Sunday evening and open for them the Kingdom of Heaven.

THE PILGRIM.

## Literature

## A Jester from Missouri\*

BROTHER LEO, F.S.C.

THE historic court jester was no fool. His office was too exacting and his tenure of it too precarious for the fool in name to be a fool in reality. Also, because he had unparalleled opportunities for observing the follies of kings and queens, of dukes and prelates, of gentlemen ushers of the backstairs and ladies-in-waiting of the linen closet, he was urged by the force of horrible example to aspire unto wisdom. Shakespeare has given us several jesters, and they are all philosophers; Miss Dinnis has given us one—more than once—and he is a saint. And the sovereign commonwealth of Missouri—

Well, Eugene Field was born there, in the puissant city of St. Louis, in September, 1850. His parents were New Englanders, and he came perilously near first seeing the light in Vermont—perilously, because he might have attained to the status of a merchant or a farmer or a college professor or something else as incongruous as a seat in the Rump Parliament for Touchstone or the secretaryship of a chamber of commerce for Fiddleme. Lovers of light and laughter should be eternally grateful to Missouri; it helped Eugene Field to save his jester's soul.

How all that came to pass, and sundry other matters pertinent to the life and work and character of the author of "Sharps and Flats," we may read with a minimum of labor and a maximum of delight in the "Life of Eugene Field" by Slason Thompson. Field was a journalist of sorts, and it is right and just, meet and salutary that his story should be told by a journalist. To cavil at this book would be ungenerous, to praise it overmuch would be difficult.

For many years Field and Mr. Thompson ground out copy in twin cubby holes in the office of the Chicago *Morning News*, afterward the *Record*. Almost daily they went out to luncheon together, Mr. Thompson generally paying the check. Frequently they foregathered with kindred souls for feasting and for song. It is clear that Mr. Thompson knows his subject. And he tells much of what he knows. The book is amply illustrated with photographs and with numerous specimens of Field's whimsical drawing and microscopic penmanship. Among other things it contains a facsimile reproduction of the original manuscript of "Little Boy Blue" with Field's pen sketches of the polychrome toy soldier and the sheep-like yellow dog. That alone is worth the five dollars we are asked to pay for the volume.

The admirable New England spirit of high seriousness sought to recapture Eugene Field, but in vain. At Williams College not even the august personality of Mark Hopkins impressed the favorite son of Missouri, and after flirting with my lady learning in two other academes, "Beshrew the minx," quoth Gene and, so to say, left his bride prospective waiting at the church. Some money

came to him when he reached the age of twenty-one, and he joyously spent it in European travel; and when it was gone he philosophically pawned the odds and ends he had purchased in France and England and so secured his passage home from Naples. Forthwith he married, happily and impecuniously, and spent the rest of his life raising a large family and making funny faces at the wolf at the door. And the wolf—a lineal descendant of the Wolf of Gubbio and impressed with the spectacle of a man who didn't seem to know much about the value of money—snarled ominously at times but never bit the jester.

Field worked as a newspaper man in St. Joseph, in Kansas City, in St. Louis, and then in 1881 flitted "out where the West begins." The Denver he knew had no far-flung panorama of city parks, no Women's Club Building, no moving picture white way in Curtis Street, no Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception on Colfax Avenue. It was a pioneer city with a zest for adventure and a mile-high altitude. Engaged as city editor, Field was ordered to "make the *Tribune* hum." He did; and perceptibly he heightened the tempo of the town. His humor boiled over into civic life; even his most commonplace and seemingly innocent news items managed to carry stings in their tails.

Perhaps the mildest of his Denver pranks was the speech he wrote for a Negro deacon to introduce one of Field's friends to the colored brethren assembled: "Although he has a white skin, his heart is as black as any of ours." When somebody impersonated a visiting celebrity, when dramatic criticism became side-splitting comedy, when the *Tribune* printed a bit of farcical verse with a queer suggestion of pathos in its closing lines, when a self-important politician was made ridiculous or a newly rich capitalist embarrassed by a twisted version of the story of his life, when certain gentlemen of the press sat up till four in the morning down at the Windsor Hotel telling stories and singing plaintive melodies—then astute Denverites could catch the gleam of the jester's bauble and the muffled jangle of the jester's bells.

In 1883 Field accepted the position of "columnist"—the first of the clan—on the Chicago *Morning News*, and in that capacity he wrote and joked and bewailed his dyspepsia and ate apple pie and cheese until his death in the autumn of 1895. They were twelve wonderful years. It was early enough for Field to converse with people who had known Mrs. O'Leary's cow, and late enough for him to write verses about the Columbian Exposition. He managed to squeeze in another trip to Europe and to gratify that ever-present wolf with the products of his readings. He made his department in the *News* a national interest, and he wrote or revised those poems of childhood that to this day associate his name with children's sorrows and joys. Jesters are not always jesting, and they make their merriest jingles for the little ones they love.

How did it happen that Field hit upon the caption, "Sharps and Flats"? Some would have it that the title

\*Life of Eugene Field. By Slason Thompson. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$5.00.

came from Phillips Francis' translation of one of the satires of Horace; but that origin is too literary to be true. When Field came to Chicago he and the Roman gentlemen had not established so much as a bowing acquaintance. No; but Field's future biographer, Slason Thompson, and Mr. Clay M. Greene—the author, many years later, of the "Santa Clara Passion Play"—had collaborated on a Robson and Crane Comedy and called it "Sharps and Flats." The genial jester promptly annexed the title. It suited his column perfectly, for "when he was fooling, the *Flats* thought he was serious; and when he was serious, the *Sharps* knew he was fooling." Sharps and Flats are what Charles Lamb would call the two races of men.

That Field came to know Horace was due to two Irishmen, to the quick and the dead. One of his fellow workers on the *News* staff was Dr. Frank W. Reilly, a classical scholar with contagious enthusiasms, and he introduced Field, never much of a reader, to that roguish genius, Francis Sylvester Mahoney, who wrote the ever memorable "Bells of Shandon." In "The Reliques of Father Prout" the jester from Missouri found another self in the frolicsome Corkonian and a precursor greater than himself. At once he capitulated. The "Reliques" became his *vade mecum*, his golden book, his professional bible, and Mahoney's devotion to Horace found characteristic embodiment in those "Echoes from the Sabine Farm" which Field brought out in collaboration with his brother Roswell.

A classical scholar or any other kind of a scholar Field never pretended to be and never was. But he possessed the Horatian spirit liberally modified by the Hibernian extravagances of Father Prout, and he had the true jester's fondness for exploring quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore. Like a good many newspaper men of limited formal education, he had a professional interest in new words, in old words, in unusual and semi-technical words. He thumbed a Webster's Unabridged in the *News* office, looked up derivations, consulted the ever-complaisant "Doc" Reilly. The result is that in much of his prose and in several of his poems the unsophisticated reader finds evidences of the author's familiarity with Latin, with French, with German, with what seems to be the language of esoteric philosophy and science. Field, and this is distinctly to his credit, was able to make a little learning go a long way indeed.

He had something vastly more important than learning. Mahoney did not, and Horace could not, write anything like "Little Willie," "The Peach," "Seein' Things at Night" and "Winken and Blinken and Nod." The Irishman was too much of a wanderer, the Augustan too much of a cynic. Field could write children's poetry because to the very end he himself had the heart of a child.

The Sabine Farm was the name the jester gave to the Claredon Avenue home he managed to purchase a few months before his death,—a home, as he said, provided "with all modern conveniences, including an ample porch and a genial mortgage." Horace would have turned up

his nose at it. The yard was a sand lot, sufficiently exciting when the southwest wind furrowed free, and here Field optimistically planted peanuts and potatoes, and then dug most of them up to see how they were sprouting. Readers of "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac" would inevitably look within the house for a library, nor would they look in vain; but Field's collection was indiscriminate in nature and chaotic in arrangement, manifest trash, valuable autographed copies and rare volumes picked up at seasonable moments all ranged in most admired disorder. And, as he confessed in exquisite verse, his Sabine Farm had no Lydias, no Falernian wine and no Maecenas with a fat purse and loose strings. But there was a tactful wife and a household of children.

An inveterate souvenir hunter and relic worshiper, Field treasured the shears used during a quarter of a century by his friend Charles A. Dana of the *New York Sun*. The friendship dated from Denver days, and the metropolitan editor wanted the jester on his staff. It meant an increase of salary and a widening of prestige, but Field could not be induced to go East. The word standardization had not then come into vogue, but the thing was real and rampant in New York, and the man who daily turned out his column of "Sharps and Flats" dreaded the cramping effects of newspaper life hard by Hell Gate. With a great price he had purchased this freedom. Chicago was not such a little pond, but in any case he was a frog of ample dimensions. It may well be that in New York he would have developed into a croaker. With all its recognized advantages the big city was no place for the Little Boy Blue who never grew up and didn't want to.

After more than thirty years we are, I think, able to see Eugene Field in a perspective fairly dependable. In journalism the moving finger writes, and writes in water. But for all that, journalism now and again achieves the thing called literature. The best of our jester—his bubbling, untamed, spontaneous absurdities and his simple, unsophisticated, tuneful human fancies—are ours to cherish and even to revere. Higher poetry we have and better ordered prose, but nowhere can we find anything quite like them. And if we are truly wise and in our reading become as little children, we shall continue to smile with him and mayhap weep with him and hold him to our hearts.

#### APRIL HERITAGE

Tell it! tell it silver rain—  
Half of April had gone by.  
And came with desolate wind  
The time for Him to die.

Cry it! cry it budding tree—  
Half of April went this way;  
Then came with the waking sun  
Our Christ's own rising day.

Sing it! sing it warm new earth—  
Half of April will have known  
All joy, and half may keep  
The heritage of pain its own.

MARY CATHERINE PANGBORN.

## REVIEWS

**Memories and Opinions.** By WILLIAM BARRY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

Metaphysician, sociologist, litterateur, teacher and churchman, Canon Barry has lived a full, fruitful and fascinating life. In the winter of his years but stylistically with a happy mingling of the buoyancy of spring and the mellowness of autumn, he pens the memoirs and sketches that make up this volume. Dr. Barry writes in graceful, limpid, picturesque English of people and places and movements which bespeak many and varied contacts. Born in 1849 in London of Irish emigrants whose whole fortune was their culture and their Faith, in early boyhood he chose an ecclesiastical career. After completing his preliminary studies, chiefly at Oscott, with the highest honors he passed over to Rome for theology and ordination. Thenceforth for over fifty years he taught and wrote and did pastoral duty in England. At one extreme Canon Barry's memoirs touch Crimea and the Vatican Council, at the other the Re-union movement and the World War. His intimate friendships included such scholars as Franzelin, Secchi, Palmieri, Ballerini, who were his early Roman tutors, churchmen like Manning, Newman, Mercier and Ullathorne, statesmen of the Gladstone and Lord Acton period, litterateurs like Cristina Rossetti and Thompson, the Meynells and the Wards, to single out but a few from hundreds of notables whose paths he crossed and of all of whom he has some anecdote or opinion to chronicle. He was a pioneer in English Catholic social action and an ardent promoter of the Temperance movement though opposed to Prohibition. On this side of the Atlantic the Canon is by no means a stranger. His reflections on his expedition to America in 1893 are sober and sympathetic. At that time there was question of his joining the Faculty of the Catholic University. His close contacts in the United States included such men as Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Keane and Ireland, and the early Paulists. At home he was a regular contributor to the *Quarterly* and the *Dublin Review* and occasionally to other Catholic and secular journals. In romantic literature Dr. Barry is chiefly remembered for his "problem" stories; "Arden Massiter," "The New Antigone" and "The Two Standards," all of them characterized by a glowing style. "Memories and Opinions" is a delightful and edifying volume that should find a host of interested readers: perhaps it will be best enjoyed by those who can appreciate both Catholicism and culture.

W. I. L.

**As Man to Man.** Adventures of a Commuter. By CONDÉ B. PALLÉN. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

We are so used to the expression "The Lord's Day," i.e., the Sunday or Sabbath, that we forget that the Lord has any claim whatever on any other day of the week. Too often we make religion a thing apart, as not touching our lives very nearly and really, except on the "Lord's Day." A great many people, it would seem, have come into the belief that religion is so far removed from their daily and practical lives that they live two lives—a routine business life which religion hardly influences at all, and a formal sort of Sabbatical life, once a week, when religion is supposed to make itself felt. And we so far separate these lives that we have a distinct line of thought and a distinct language for each; as if each of these lives were so disparate and opposed that, like the Jews and Samaritans of old, they cannot commingle. However comfortable such a state of mind may be, it is for the believer illogical and silly. These thoughts were induced by Dr. Pallén's "As Man to Man." The title is most expressive. In the course of his traveling morning and evening to and from his office, the author naturally makes acquaintances, many of them non-Catholics. As generally happens, they put questions about religion either because they are serious and wish for information, or because they are curious and like to dabble in such talk, especially if they think they can bedevil and confuse their victim. Well, in Dr. Pallén they meet a man who can talk

back, who can explain the meaning of an indulgence, of infallibility, confession, the Mass, and a number of other interesting and practical matters, about which not only non-Catholics but Catholics themselves need information. Get this book and study it. It is pleasantly written, it has life and movement. It will show you that religion should enter your lives not once a week but every hour of every day. It will teach you how to give a sound reason for the Faith you profess.

F. McN.

**Anthony Comstock.** By HEYWOOD BROUN and MARGARET LEACH. New York: A. and C. Boni. \$3.00.

Twelve years ago, for the first and last time in his long life, Mr. Comstock wrote the reviewer a letter. At once suspicion flamed across the reviewer's mind. Could he, or could he not, he asked in perplexity, trust a man who referred to "wierd effects"? The crisis was momentous. Possibly the typist was at fault; possibly, there was some authority for "wierd." Why stake the issue on a transposed vowel? He dismissed the suspicion as unworthy. He now knows that the suspicion was well founded. To the end of his life, Mr. Broun and Miss Leach tell me with bated breath, as a speller Mr. Comstock was less respectable than Mrs. Eddy. This information aroused a flicker of interest—the first time, but not the second or the third. Once you know that a man cannot spell, you, of course, set a black mark against his character, and dropping a tear for the frailties of human nature, pass on. That is to say, you catch the point at once, unless you are one of the mentally-bankrupt crowd who bow their heads when Mr. Heywood Broun's name is mentioned. Then repetition will be in order. Mr. Broun and Miss Leach know their readers. They repeat. It is not surprising, then, to learn from the Messrs. Boni's advertisement that this tractate has received "enthusiastic recommendations" from H. L. Mencken, Harry Hansen, Carl Van Doren, H. Van Loon, Joseph Wood Krutch, and F. P. A. It would. And when the *Nation* adds the weight of its pontifical authority, we know exactly what sort of a book we are going to open—a stereotyped book, a book made to formula, a book full of the shabby stock in trade that pamphleteers have drawn on since the Eocene Period. Mr. Anthony Comstock was an earnest sort of person in his creed and his life, and earnestness is an unforgivable sin. To the galleys with him! By way of postscript it may be added that the book is as dull as ditchwater. You may exclaim "Ah!" when the first rocket bursts on the night of the Fourth of July, but after the tenth there is a crick in your neck, and you stumble into the darkened house for a cool drink. Mr. Broun's rockets are left over from last year, but it was possible that Miss Leach might have brought over some new stock. The expectation was cheated. She avoids novelty with painful care, and gives us the same old flare and the same old stick. Let it be said, in fairness, that the authors spell quite well.

P. L. B.

**The Catholic Church and Philosophy.** By REV. VINCENT McNABB, O.P. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.00.

Though Father McNabb has given us an altogether interesting and scholarly book, he has not made it too erudite to forfeit a popular appeal. His thesis is well expressed: "The use to which philosophy has been put by the theology of the Catholic Church has been not only the life but the ennoblement of philosophy. . . . Philosophy came into its own, only when it came into the Catholic Church." He demonstrates "the omnivorous assimilative power of the Church" and takes as his outstanding proof St. Thomas Aquinas, whose range of intellect and power of synthesis have never been surpassed. Father McNabb tells of St. Thomas' debt to Jew and Arab and Greek, of his delimiting the frontiers of Faith and reason, and of his vindicating thereby a rightful sovereignty for both. If there be one fault in this fine monograph it is that too little is said about any Catholic philosopher, other than St. Thomas, who although *facile princeps* would be the first to admit

that *vixere fortes ante [et post] Agamemnona*. This silence would seem to be provocative of confusion to those not conversant with Scholastic tradition. Barring this, we have an excellent book of the "Calvert Series" to place in the hands of any one who may be led by "best sellers" or one-sided University professors to believe that there is no philosopher worthy of the name among Catholics.

F. P. LEB.

#### BOOKS AND AUTHORS

**Memories and Observations.**—Though prefaced by a foreword in which General Pershing awards a gilt-edge testimonial to the author's intellect and integrity, "The Great Crusade" (Appleton, \$2.50), by Major-General Joseph T. Dickman, cannot be characterized as an important or a significant work. In the main, "this narrative of the World War" is an official record of army routine. It shows very few traces of personality. Besides being incomparably dull in its contents, it lacks that stylistic elegance which is a necessary prerequisite for such a narrative. With similar material, Philip Gibbs, for example, has written an immensely superior book. If the author had been just a trifle more specific in some passages, he might justly be accused of bad taste in the resuscitation of the sentiments of hate and propaganda current a few years ago.

Competency and dignity have surrounded William Butler Yeats in these later years but they have in no wise endeared him to the people who compose the authentic Irish race. Mr. Yeats and his associates pass before the world as the outstanding luminaries of modern Irish literature, but they really belong to the English tradition of literature as inspired by Celtic paganism. In the latest volume of the collected works of Mr. Yeats, entitled "Autobiographies" (Macmillan, \$3.50), are included "Reveries over Childhood," published in 1914, and "The Trembling of the Veil," dated 1922. Considered as the confessions of a poet, the volume is most illuminating; regarded as a commentary upon the literary and political personages of the last years of the last century, it is alike informative and amusing. The memories, as given in the earlier part of the volume, of the poet's childhood in Sligo and of his family affairs are delightful, if one forgets that Yeats is not of the Irish of the soil. During his later years in Dublin and London, he closely observed the personalities with whom he was associated in a wide variety of artistic and political spheres. His observations on them are expressed with pungent wit and shrewd insight, but always with that peculiar superciliousness that is characteristic of Mr. Yeats.

**Aids to Little Theaters.**—For those who entertain aspirations for the inauguration and development of community drama, "Little Theatre Organization and Management" (Appleton, \$2.50), by Alexander Dean, offers invaluable guidance. The material is the crystallization of years' experience with the laudable and much-needed Little Theater movement, compiled by a man whose life has been almost exclusively devoted to this work. Unlike most treatments of this subject, Mr. Dean's suggestions and guides are not only practical but are cautionary against the pitfalls ever in the path of those whose enthusiasm for the drama perhaps dominates their better reason in the task of initiating a community drama. Especially will the material aid young dramatists just out of college who would carry their artistic spirit and activity into their local bailiwicks.

In "Festival and Civic Plays from Greek and Roman Tales," by Mari R. Hofer (Beckley-Cardy Co. \$1.25), the author has dramatized briefly a number of incidents, historical and mythological, for presentation by pupils of Junior-High Schools and the upper grades of the grammar schools. The diction is simple and vivid, and the book should prove helpful in making the past live again in the minds and imaginations of the young. Many of the plays, however, are so brief that they are scarcely more than tableaux.

**The Smuggler's Cave. The Fourteen Thumbs of St. Peter. The Black Bloodhound. The Deadfall. Congai. Beyond the Surface. Uharna.**

It may disappoint the expectant reader to learn that the smuggling done in "The Smuggler's Cave" (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.00), by George A. Birmingham, was carried on long ago; but he will be delighted to know that a truly live Lord of the Realm took advantage of a village pageant circling about the cave to do a little real smuggling in behalf of some lady friends, and that the crime was unconsciously sponsored by his uncle, the Earl, and a benevolent old Bishop. How the noble Lord extracts himself and his uncle from the clutches of the revenueurs is amusingly related; in fact, the whole story is radiant with that quiet humor which is characteristic of the Reverend Birmingham. The judicious will merely smile at the sneer or two about the dissenters from the Establishment.

Things are seldom what they seem. "The Fourteen Thumbs of St. Peter" (Dutton, \$2.50), by Joice M. Nankivell, is a case in point. If one judged the book by its title, one would probably rate it as anti-religious; in reality, it is anti-communistic. Against the red background of the Russian revolution, the author deftly outlines a successful counterattack delivered by the powers of the Orthodox Church against the atheistic Semites who constitute the driving force behind the most recent Internationale. The picture drawn is enlightening and might serve as an object lesson to the hundred per cent Americans who sympathize with the Diocletian of Mexico.

Farnham Bishop in "The Black Bloodhound" (Little, Brown, \$2.00), has offered a yarn of the Spanish Main, and a right good yarn it is. It is also mystifying. A young American naval officer in command of a captured merchantman escapes the snares of official diplomacy, or rather knavery, only to find himself engaged in a battle of wits and a battle of guns with a masked corsair. He wins the former by winning the latter. No one will be surprised to learn that the pirate reaches an untimely end. The identity of the pirate, however, is a real mystery. The least suspected character is the one that should be watched the closest.

Edison Marshall, in "The Deadfall" (Cosmopolitan, \$2.00), his latest Alaskan novel, has been more successful in directing a thesis to its mark than in telling story. The book is a sincere preachment for the protection of wild life, written by one whose love for Unimak, Land of the Giants, is stamped on every page. The story is simple, direct and wholesome, though, at times, the narration becomes flat and the suspense too finely drawn to sustain the thrill of the incidents. But, what Mr. Marshall lacks in the plot-mastery of Zane Grey, he has adequately balanced with a vivid realism of setting.

By testimony of the blurb, Harry Hervey is equipped to give us real light on the East; but the conditions to which he confines himself in "Congal" (Cosmopolitan, \$2.00), afford him little opportunity to discuss anything but the slime. The title-word, it seems, is Indo-Chinese for mistress. The particular person of the novel makes several alliances and is successful in achieving another just as the story closes. As remarked in a recent article in AMERICA, it is time to protest when lasciviousness rises to your chin and chokes you.

To put into concrete form the moral lesson that beauty is only skin deep unless it reflect the grandeur and nobility of the inner soul and that a self-centered person is never satisfied, Anna Gaskill Cartrette tells a short and simple story in "Beyond the Surface" (Christopher Publishing Company, \$1.50). It is a very human page out of an experience that has its counterpart in the lives of young people for whom it was written.

In stating that "Uharna" (Dorrance, \$2.00), by Gervez Baronti, is beyond his intelligence, the reviewer does not cast aspersions on his own intellect. Uharna is an occult philosophy that "is against theosophy" and that "takes issue with Besantism." A large part of the book is used to expound a crazed jumble of ideas. As a setting for the Uharna lectures, the author invents the story of a woman in India who posed as a miracle worker.

## Communications

*The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department.*

### The "Nephew" of Anton Lang

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the April 5 issue of the local paper, *Worcester Telegram*, an article appeared which I cite in part:

"Otto W. Lang, a nephew of Anton Lang, the 'Christus' of the Oberammergau Passion Play, has been ordained a deacon of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

It was a false statement, so I wrote to the *Telegram* editor at once, correcting the error. Since the citation was given as coming from a New York source I am asking you please to publish in your splendid weekly the substance of my correction.

As a result of the aforesaid article many inquiries have come to me asking how it is that a nephew of my father should belong to a Protestant denomination while my family is so thoroughly and strictly Catholic. The explanation is very simple.

This Otto W. Lang is not the nephew of Mr. Anton Lang, so well known as the "Christus" of the famous Oberammergau Passion Play. It is true that Otto Lang came at an early age from Oberammergau, but I can assure you that he is in no way related to my family. The name "Lang" is a common one in our town, there being about twenty-two families of that name. Many of them have no relationship whatsoever to the family of Mr. Anton Lang, the Oberammergau "Christus."

I do not pretend to explain how such a distortion of facts ever appeared in print. I only wish to deny any relationship between this Otto Lang and my family. By giving publicity to this letter you will correct any false concept that may be current among your readers, and you will certainly oblige my father and me.

Worcester, Mass.

ANTON LANG, JR.

### Catholic White and Negro Cooperation

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article of the Rev. John LaFarge, S.J., published in your issue of March 5, entitled "Jordan River," points out an aspect of the relations between Catholic Americans and the colored people that has been ignored almost *in toto*. Catholics give to the cause of Negro and Indian Missions on the second Sunday in Lent pretty much as they do to the other causes placed before them by the Hierarchy as a duty, but generally speaking, few have any idea regarding the colored people in relation to social uplift work other than just this collection.

Our Catholic colored people themselves have much difficulty in obtaining any sort of recognition from their fellow-Catholics, as a group attached to them by the closest of ties other than ties of flesh and blood. So how is it to be expected that such work as that being done so successfully by the Urban League and other organizations connected with the Negro group will be done by American Catholic people?

What is needed is an active, earnest participation in the Negro mission work of the Church by the white laity, especially the men of education and position. The ladies also ought to mix a little, for the present attitude of being afraid that we are looking for "social equality" is productive of no benefit whatever. Indeed, it is more essential for colored women and white women to get acquainted in order to work together, than for the men to do so.

Non-Catholic white people belong to nearly all of the major Negro organizations along social lines, both locally and nationally. The National Association for the Advancement of the Colored people is a case in point. This powerful organization was originated in Springfield, Illinois, by a white woman, Mary White Ovington, who did not hesitate to ally herself with W. E. B.

Du Bois, the best known Negro scholar in the world, for the purpose of combatting race prejudice in all its forms. Today this organization stands like a stone wall in defense of the civil rights of American citizens without regard to race or color, but is most active for the colored people because they need such protection most.

Such organizations as the Urban League and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People are almost entirely unknown among our Catholic people. The "minstrel-show" idea has not yet been displaced and when Negroes are brought before them, they usually look for old-time comedy and rough jokes about chicken and watermelon stealing. To them the Negro is a good servant and clown. The non-Catholic has gone much farther. It is not that the Catholic is less kind, less charitable, or that he hates the Negro. Oh, no! But it is indifference. And, secondly, the second generation of European parentage seem to feel that any unnecessary contact with the Negro prevents their full and complete Americanization.

Many Catholics will not understand that every practical consideration as well as Catholic principle demands the establishment of like social agencies among Negroes under Catholic auspices, or a full and hearty Catholic cooperation with the agencies already existing, as pointed out by Father LaFarge. Negro Catholics, scattered all over the United States, in most cases unknown, unseen and forgotten by their co-religionists, cannot do much to carry forward the light of Truth to their fellow-Negro, unless supported by the white majority in the Church of the United States.

Tacoma, Wash.

GUSTAVE B. ALDRICH.

### Care for the Sub-normal Child

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As social worker for almost five years in a State institution for mental defectives I think I am in a position at least to call attention to some misconceptions on the part of Sister M. Veronica, C.S.C., whose otherwise splendid appeal for the sub-normal child appeared in the March 19 issue. . . .

I am familiar with my own State, I know Massachusetts almost as well, I visited Letchworth Village at Thiells, N. Y., the Rome State School and eight of its colonies, and Dr. Thayer's institution for defective delinquents at Napanoch. Having all these places in mind I can hardly understand her plea for the giving of trade training "that will help them be self-supporting instead of wards of the State in some penal institution." Her word "penal" is especially to be deprecated, for above all things, we struggle against that idea. I think Sister has not visited one of the State institutions else she would know of the intensive training given. And she cannot be familiar with the proceedings of the American Association for the Study of the Feeble-minded, else she would know of the untold successful placing-out work being done by the social workers.

Nobody would like more than I to see a well-equipped school for Catholic mental defectives but again I must differ from her when she says, "From a Catholic standpoint the State institutions are not desirable because they eliminate religion which ought to be a potent factor in the training of mental defectives." We have our Catholic chaplain and our Protestant chaplain. The former comes three times a week, besides Sunday. I must place out according to religion. I realize Sister may say this is comparable to the ordinary public school and therefore religion is not a potent factor, but religion is not eliminated, in fact it is compulsory, which is not true in most public schools.

So much for my two main points of difference. There is another challenging remark where Sister speaks of the mental defective in his home:

But let some interested person suggest placing him in an institution where he can be properly trained—if one can be

*found* [Italics are mixed]—and the pride of the family for generations back will rise like a stone wall of irresistible strength to offset any effort for the benefit of the individual.

The widespread interest in mental hygiene is doing to such a bugaboo what was done to the tuberculosis phobia some years past. . . .

As a former teacher, a graduate social worker, and humble admirer of the wonderful work being done in several State institutions, and lastly as a Catholic let me say, "Speed the day when Sister Veronica's hopes will be realized, but let us remember the State institutions have much to offer."

Slocum, R. I.

MARY F. McTERNAN.

[Miss McTernan has evidently missed the point of Sister Veronica's remarks. (1) Sister did not say that little or nothing is done for backward or defective children, but that we Catholics do not do enough; (2) Sister's plea for a training that will help these children to become self-supporting merely points out what is fairly obvious—namely, that otherwise many will probably end in "some penal institution"; and (3) while a school which enjoys the services of a chaplain three times a week is infinitely better than a school without religion, it is certainly not the Catholic institution which these children need.—Ed. AMERICA.]

#### Bishop Schreiber to Lecture Here

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your readers will, no doubt, be interested to learn that the Rt. Rev. Christian Schreiber, Bishop of Meissen, is to arrive in the United States during the latter half of September. For a period of twenty-two years he served as professor of philosophy and theology and is widely known as co-author with the renowned philosopher Doctor Constantin Gutberlet of the "Philosophic Year-Book" of the Goerres Society. He is planning to deliver in the United States a series of lectures dealing with Kant, Nietzsche, Haeckel, Schopenhauer, St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Francis. Other interesting subjects will be "Christ and Socialism, Communism, and Bolshevism," "Rome, the Papacy and the Universal Church," "The Catholic Church in Germany since the Revolution," etc., etc.

The latter theme promises to be of particular interest as Dr. Schreiber has been Bishop of Germany's great *Diaspora* Diocese since 1921. Inasmuch as this is the poorest in Germany, it benefits most from American benefactions. Upon the St. Boniface Society, of Paderborn, which I have represented in the United States since 1921 at the request of the German Bishops, rests the great task of supporting the Faith in the Protestant regions that are mostly situated in Northern Germany. Upon Bishop Schreiber's Diocese falls the biggest part of this important work.

Let me take this occasion, therefore, to thank your readers for the generous support they have given in the past for the upkeep of our mission stations and for the maintenance of the 20,000 little orphan children in our 165 homes and orphanages, coupling with this the assurance that we still need help.

As Bishop Schreiber expects to visit many of the large cities in the United States, I shall be glad to arrange lectures through my office, at 15 Park Row, New York, N. Y., and to hear from any of your readers in regard to Bishop Schreiber's visit.

New York City.

MGR. FREDERICK SCHLATTER.

#### Social Science and Religion

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Recently the Pennsylvania and the All-Philadelphia Conferences on Social Work held a four-days' joint session in Philadelphia. It was replete with interest from start to finish. "Our Social Environment" was the leading and all-absorbing topic of discussion in its bearing on the family, on politics, on the Negro race, on economics, on youth, morality and health. The final session was devoted to the consideration of "Social Environment and Mental Health."

This topic is always of unusual interest at social-service conferences because it lends itself to the expression of the most grotesque and novel conceptions of the problem, its causes and its remedies, which some speakers and discussion leaders have of it. This conference was not an exception to the rule. Mr. Harry Elmer Barnes, Professor at Smith College in Massachusetts, made a long journey to Philadelphia in order to read a lengthy paper on the "Social Basis for Mental Health." Now, Mr. Barnes is decidedly refreshing whenever he appears on such occasions. He is dogmatic, if anything. The *ipse dixit* stands for all and any proof. The Pope of Rome cannot be compared to him in this regard. He was introduced by the presiding officer at this particular general meeting as the greatest authority in the country and perhaps in the world on this question. That ought to go a great ways to inspire awe and confidence. What did Mr. Barnes have to say that might particularly interest us?

In the first place Mr. Barnes contends that social science of today *repudiates the theological ideas* which in any way obstruct social adjustment. There is, according to him, a conflict between the older ethics and the newer, between the old and the new type of religion. "There is a fundamental conflict between the mental hygiene of to-day and the basis of revelation whose purpose is to work out salvation." . . .

A sharp difference exists, we are told, between the social based on a supernatural foundation and the social based on science. In the former the ethical conduct is directed to a happiness in the life to come, whereas our present-day social science purposes to make man happy in this life. "It does not concern itself with the possibility whether there be such a future life or not." At this juncture Mr. Barnes apparently discerned some questioning faces in his audience and he hastened to remark: "If any one objects to these views, why—then he shall have to object; but scientific criteria must be introduced."

Briefly, Mr. Barnes contends that social science must be substituted for theology, and social experimentation for the old ethics. The old controls are breaking down and we are still at a loss for a substitute. The Bible as a directive is, of no value today.

Where is the proof for these novel theories? Not a vestige of one nor even an attempt made to convince by argument of any kind. The faint applause which greeted Mr. Barnes—an applause of courtesy rather than of approval—was indicative of the fact that Philadelphia and even Pennsylvania audiences of social workers were not prepared to walk on the new avenue of social approach paved by Mr. Barnes.

Two questions suggest themselves. First, are his theories of any real value in the solution of the vexing social problems or is he not rather a destructionist, producing a sounding crash at times and blocking the way to real social betterment? Second, is this the mental pabulum administered to the girls at Smith College in order to prepare them for the work of life?

Philadelphia.

P. H. BURKETT, S.J.

#### Shoring Up Mr. Hearst

To the Editor of AMERICA:

While you were shoring up Mr. Hearst's knowledge of the Constitution as giving no authority for a Federal monopoly of education, you might also have touched up his notions of America's early educational history. Some of his papers have repeatedly asserted in large, black-faced type that the public school is the *only American* school.

One of these flamboyant, full-page editorials in a Sunday supplement was used in the campaign against the parish schools in Michigan. The leader of the bigots praised it publicly at a mass meeting of the "antis," hailing it as a splendid aid in the campaign against parish schools.

History shows that the school of colonial days was mostly a denomination school while the public school, without religious teaching, came into vogue about sixty years after the founding of the Republic.

Detroit.

ANTHONY J. BECK.